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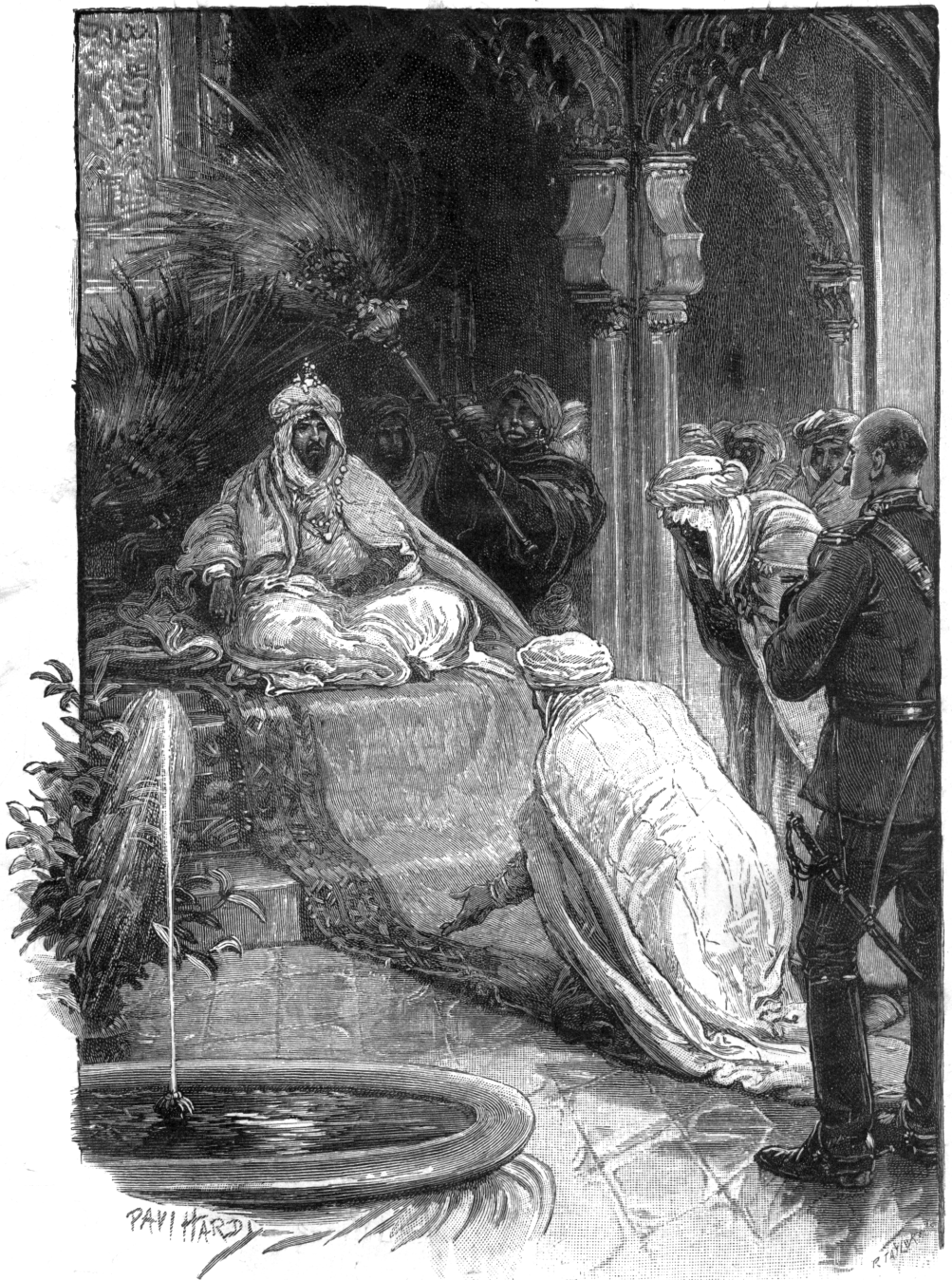
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THE GREAT CAT'S-EYE.

## *A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.*



BY DICK DONOVAN,

*Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan," "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," &c., &c.*



AS everyone knows, the late Lord Middlewick had a perfect craze for collecting rare gems and works of art; and, being a man of unbounded wealth, he was enabled to gratify his tastes to his heart's content. His cabinet of precious stones was considered to be unique in its way, and contained the very rarest specimens of the world's gems, including some truly magnificent diamonds and pearls. His lordship, however, always considered that the collection was imperfect, owing to the absence of a good specimen of the very peculiar stone known generally as the cat's-eye, on account of its close resemblance, both as regards colour and iridescence, to pussy's optic. This gem seems to be peculiar to the island of Ceylon, but it is seldom that a really good specimen is discovered. Through some cause that has never been satisfactorily explained, the cat's-eyes have certain flaws in them, particularly as regards their iridescence, which not only greatly depreciate their value, but cause them to be rejected by collectors. It had long been Lord Middlewick's ambition to say that he was the possessor of the most perfect cat's-eye in the world; but, though he had practically ransacked Europe—in fact, it might be said that he had

ransacked the world itself—he had not succeeded in obtaining what he wished. At last a report went the round of the papers that a cat's-eye had been discovered in Ceylon that was absolutely without a flaw. It was said to be as large as a hen's egg, and of such magnificent colour that it was peerless, and was roughly valued at fifty thousand pounds. It was announced that several offers had been made for it, but undoubtedly it would pass into the possession of Lord Middlewick, whose agent was already on his way to Ceylon, and was instructed to secure the gem at any cost.

Four months passed, when there assembled at Lord Middlewick's splendid mansion in Berkshire a large number of ladies and gentlemen, including many well-known experts, who had been specially invited to have the first view of the now renowned cat's-eye, which had arrived the day previous, in charge of his lordship's representative, Mr. Lionel Ashburton, the son of General Ashburton, who distinguished himself so much during the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Ashburton was well known as an authority on precious stones, and his famous work, "The World's Great Gems," which cost years of research, is still considered the standard book of its kind. Mr. Ashburton had been out to Ceylon to

examine and report on the treasure. That report being favourable, he had purchased it for his lordship.

There was a brilliant gathering in what was called the "Green Tapestry Chamber" of his lordship's house. On the table was placed a small iron box, sealed with seals, and triply secured by means of iron bands and padlocks. All was excitement and eagerness to behold the new acquisition to the collection, which, it was now admitted, would be the most marvellous collection ever got together by one individual. With a great deal of ceremony his lordship proceeded to break the seals, which were all impressed with the stamp of the house of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co. Then the tapes were cut, the padlocks undone, and the lid of the outer box duly opened. In this box was another one, which was also locked and sealed; and this being lifted out and placed on the table, it was opened with no less ceremony in the presence of the assembled company. In this second box was what might be described as the kernel; it was a carved case of sandalwood, secured with ribbon, and also sealed. The seals were broken, the lid opened, and, amidst the most intense excitement, the stone was lifted out and placed on a bed of spotless white wool, laid on a silver salver. But instantly the countenances of all present fell, and there was a general murmur of astonishment and disappointment; for the stone that the people gazed upon appeared to be nothing more than a common, colourless pebble, such as might be picked up on a sea beach. His lordship turned to Mr. Ashburton, and said—

"There is something wrong here, surely. What does this mean?"

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Ashburton, who had become deadly pale, "the great cat's eye has been stolen!"

It is far more easy to imagine the consternation this exclamation caused than to describe it. Mr. Ashburton was so overcome that he fainted, thereby adding to the confusion which the startling discovery had caused. And Lord Middlewick, apologising to his guests for the unexpected *dénouement*, despatched the following telegram to me—

"Come down here immediately. If necessary, engage a special train."

This was done, and as soon as I reached the mansion, and my presence was announced, his lordship came hurriedly to me, and conducted me to his library. He

was evidently labouring under considerable excitement and distress.

He was a little, middle-aged man, with a most intellectual face, and small, keen grey eyes that had a habit of fixing one, as it were. As he shook me by the hand with that cordiality that was so characteristic of him, he said, with strong emotion manifesting itself in his voice—

"I have sent for you, Donovan, as the only man I know of who is likely to be of service in this extraordinary case. A stone of enormous value—a great cat's-eye, for which I have paid an almost fabulous sum—has been stolen."

He then proceeded to give me all the particulars as I have detailed them at the beginning of my story, and, when he had finished, he asked me what my opinion was.

"It is curious," I remarked thoughtfully.

"Curious!" he echoed excitedly. "It is something more than curious; it's one of the most extraordinary cases I've ever known, and seems to me to admit of but one solution."

"And what is that, my lord?" I asked.

"Well—Ashburton can, if he likes to open his lips, tell us what has become of the stone."

"You impute dishonesty to Ashburton, my lord?" I remarked.

"In plain words—yes."

"I should like to see Mr. Ashburton."

His lordship rang the bell, and a servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Ashburton to come here," was the order that his lordship gave; and, when the servant had retired to execute the command, I turned to Lord Middlewick, and said—

"I must ask you, my lord, to leave the room during my interview with Mr. Ashburton."

His lordship did not seem very well pleased; but, shrugging his shoulders, he remarked, "Oh, very well, as you like."

A few minutes later, Mr. Ashburton came in. He was a very gentlemanly, quiet-looking man, with a frank, open countenance that immediately impressed me in his favour. He was extraordinarily pale, and looked worried and anxious. He seemed a little surprised at seeing me—a stranger to him—in the room, and said in a somewhat confused way—

"I thought Lord Middlewick was here."

"No, he has retired by my request."

"Indeed; and may I ask what your name is?"



"MY NAME IS DONOVAN."

"Certainly. My name is Donovan—Dick Donovan. I am a professional detective; and have been requested by his lordship to try and recover the stolen cat's-eye. But, now, I want you to answer me a few questions, Mr. Ashburton. Did you see the cat's-eye packed?"

"I did."

"You actually saw it put into the box?"

"Undoubtedly I did."

"Who was present at the time?"

"Mr. Jeeheboy, Mr. Goosh, of the firm of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co., from whom the gem was purchased; and Mr. Samuel Prince, head of the Colombo banking firm, Prince, Halford & Payne."

"Was anyone else present?"

"There were two clerks, natives, whose names I do not know."

"And you have no doubt in your own mind that the real stone was placed in the box?"

"Not the slightest doubt. I am absolutely certain it was."

"You then saw the box sealed?"

"I did."

"Was it ever out of your presence, between the putting in of the stone and the sealing?"

"Not for a single instant."

"Then, unless you were the victim of some strange optical illusion, you are abso-

lutely convinced that the real stone was put into the box, and the box sealed in your presence?"

"I am absolutely convinced that such was the case."

"What was done after that?"

"The package was handed into my care, and I gave a receipt for it."

"And after?"

"I placed it at once in a strong leather trunk, and went on board the P. and O. steamer *Bentinck*, which had just come in."

"And did you embark at once?"

"I did."

"Were there many passengers on board?"

"Yes, a good many."

"How long did the steamer remain in port after you went on board?"

"About four hours."

"And was the leather trunk containing the cat's-eye placed in your cabin?"

"It was."

"And not removed all the voyage?"

"No."

"Was the leather trunk intact when you arrived in London?"

"As far as I know, it was."

"Have you any doubt on the subject?"

"Not the slightest."

"You still have that trunk, I suppose?"

"Certainly I have."

"Could I see it?"

"Oh, yes. Will you see it now?"

"Yes, I should like to do so."

In compliance with my request he led me to his bedroom on the second floor, where in one corner stood a dome-shaped leather trunk of very solid construction. It was secured with two locks in the front, the locks being about a foot apart. I asked to inspect the keys, and Mr. Ashburton at once produced them.

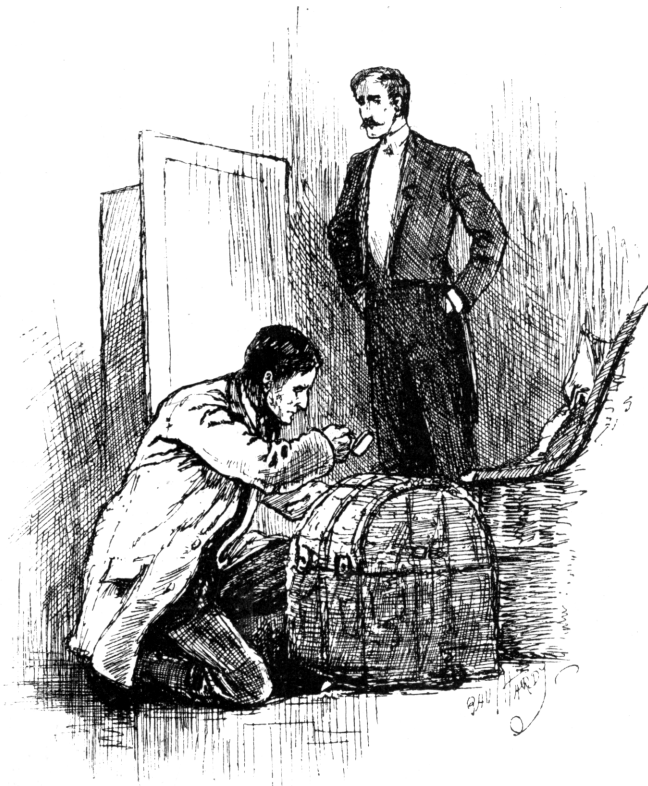
"I see you have two keys?" I remarked.

"Yes."

"Will one key open both locks?"

"No; each lock is of a totally different construction."

I noted that the keys were quite different to ordinary keys. They were made in the shape of a shield, and had an unusual number of wards. I next proceeded to examine the trunk with the aid of a powerful glass, and I was enabled to determine



"I PROCEEDED TO EXAMINE THE TRUNK WITH THE AID OF A POWERFUL GLASS."

that the brasswork of one lock at least had been considerably filed.

"Now, answer me this, Mr. Ashburton," I remarked. "Have you the faintest idea when and where that lock could have been tampered with?"

"I have not," he exclaimed with strong emphasis. "On my soul, I have not," he added, with a fervency that I felt sure could not have been assumed.

I returned to Lord Middlewick, who exclaimed impatiently—

"Well, what's the result now, Donovan?"

"Do you give me *carte blanche* to act as I like in this matter?"

"I do," he answered.

"Good; then I shall proceed to Colombo at once."

His lordship seemed to think that such a step was unnecessary; but I told him that it was my custom always to begin at the fountain-head in such cases. And in this particular one it was of the highest importance to endeavour, by every possible means, to determine whether the robbery had been effected in transit, or before the box containing the stone was removed from

Colombo. As he came to see the whole matter from my point of view, he offered no further argument against the course I proposed, and within two days from that time I was travelling express to Brindisi, to catch the outward-bound P. and O. steamer for the East.

No news had reached Colombo of the loss of the stone when I arrived there, and I had kept my mission a secret from everyone. My first step was to seek an interview with Mr. Jeeheboy, a sedate, dignified Indian gentleman, who received me with the most business-like courtesy; and I at once began to study him, but saw nothing in his manner or style that suggested in the slightest degree the likelihood of his being a party to the theft. After a few preliminary remarks, I said—

"You have recently sold a very fine specimen of a cat's-eye to Lord Middlewick, I understand?"

"I have," he answered; "and I believe it to be one of

the finest stones of its kind the world has ever produced."

"You saw it packed, and delivered into the safe keeping of his lordship's agent, did you not?"

"Undoubtedly I did," he exclaimed, as his countenance lighted up with a look of anxious interest.

"You have no manner of doubt in your own mind that the stone was in the box when the box was secured and sealed by you?"

The question caused Mr. Jeeheboy to start visibly, and, though it could not be said that his dusky face grew pale, there were indications in it that clearly betrayed how agitated he was. His dark eyes peered into mine, and for some moments he remained silent, as though somewhat at a loss how to answer me. But at last he said—

"Sir, your question alarms me, for it seems to suggest that something is wrong. I will answer you, however, to the point at once. I am as certain that the cat's-eye was in the box when I set my seal upon it as I am that I am a living man, and talking to you!"



"Did you seal the box yourself?"

"Yes. In the presence of one of my partners and two of my clerks, and of Mr. Prince, head of the banking firm of Prince, Halford & Payne, in whose hands the gem had been placed for safety. But, I beseech you, tell me, has the stone not reached its destination?"

"It has not," I answered. "The stone has been stolen."

"Impossible!"

exclaimed Mr. Jeeheboy, perfectly aghast. Then he added quickly, "If that is true, the gentleman — Mr. Ashburton — who took it away must have stolen it."

"Why do you think so?" I asked, wishing to know whether his opinion was merely the suspicion begotten by circumstances.

"Who else could have done it?" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who felt sure that he was right.

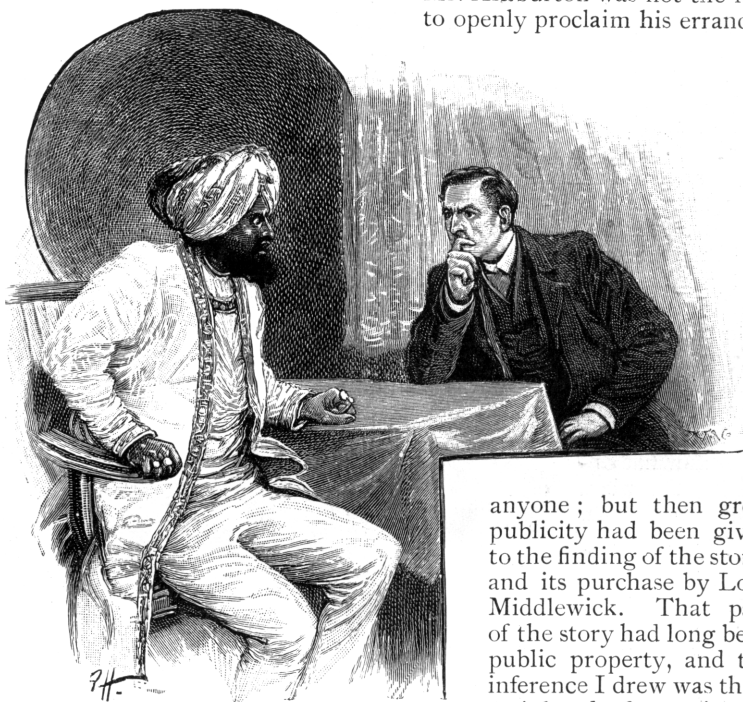
"Ah, that is the problem. Later on I may be able to give you an answer. At present I cannot do so. In the meantime I should like to see your partner, your clerks, and Mr. Prince."

Goosh and the clerks I saw at once, as they were on the premises; and they confirmed, in the most emphatic manner, the statement of the head of the firm—that the stone was safely in the box when the box was sealed.

Having finished my business so far with the firm of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co., I waited on Mr. Prince at his residence, a very handsome bungalow on the outskirts of the town. He was no less surprised than everyone else had been when he heard that the cat's-eye had been stolen; and, if possible, he was even more emphatic than Jeeheboy and Goosh were in stating that the gem was in the box when the box was sealed up.

I now felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that the great cat's-eye had duly left the island in the care of Mr. Ashburton, and that it had been purloined between that time and the date of the arrival of the box in London. By whom I had yet to learn; but it was clear that the thief must have had a knowledge that the gem was on board. How did he get that knowledge?

Mr. Ashburton was not the man to openly proclaim his errand to



"IMPOSSIBLE!" EXCLAIMED MR. JEEHEBOY.

anyone; but then great publicity had been given to the finding of the stone, and its purchase by Lord Middlewick. That part of the story had long been public property, and the inference I drew was this:—A band of conspirators had leagued themselves

together to steal the precious gem. I say "a band of conspirators," because I was quite sure that no person single-handed could have carried out the robbery. And I was no less sure that one or more of the conspirators must have been well acquainted with the way in which the box was sealed up, and, more than that, they must have been provided with the means for closely imitating the seal of Mr. Jeeheboy's firm. The line of argument I pursued suggested at once that a system of espionage had been instituted, and Mr. Ashburton had been closely watched.

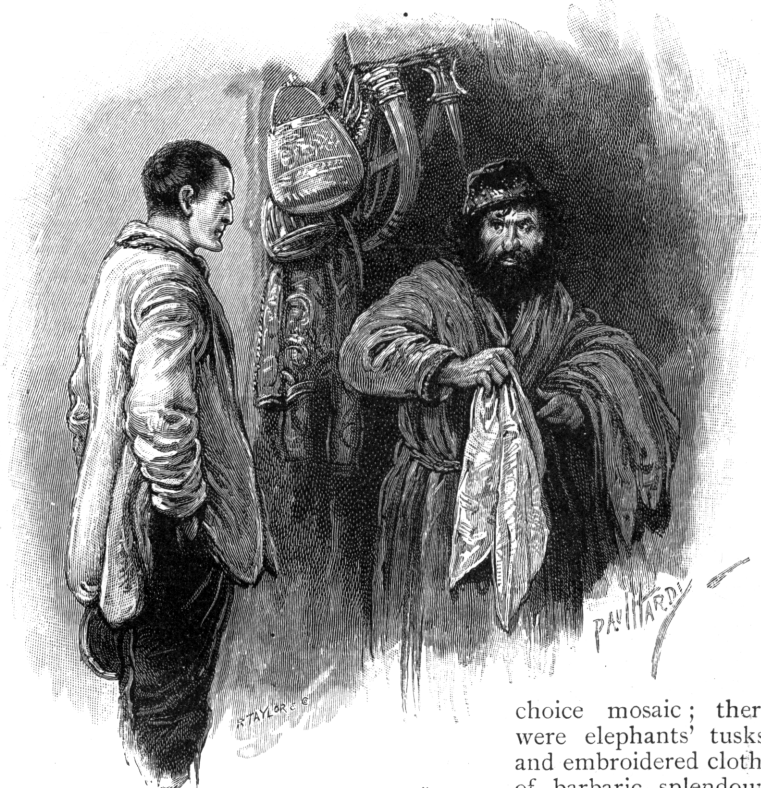
This process of ratiocination determined me to make the most searching inquiries as to the strangers who were staying in Colombo at the time Mr. Ashburton was there; and these inquiries brought forth the following suggestive facts—

Two or three weeks before Mr. Ashburton's arrival the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife landed from an outward-bound steamer that was going to Calcutta. The Rev. Arthur Jobson was an invalid in, apparently, shattered health; and he had suffered so much at sea that he vowed he would go no further, as he wished to be buried on shore, for he had a sentimental dread of being thrown into the deep. His wife was represented to be a most charming woman, and much sympathy was shown for her and her husband, who was a comparatively young man. She was visited by most of the European residents, and the devotion she displayed for her husband called forth the admiration of everyone.

It was quite thought when he first came on shore that the Rev. Arthur Jobson would not live many weeks, but the climate of Ceylon exerted such a beneficial effect upon him that he began to improve, and when the *Bentinck* arrived he announced his resolve to give up all idea of going on to Calcutta, which originally had been his destination, and to return home in that vessel. It was understood that his wife was somewhat opposed to the plan, but he was firm in his resolve, and so passages were secured in the *Bentinck*, and when she sailed on her homeward voyage the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife were cabin passengers in her. I learnt that "Jobson" and his wife went on shore at Aden, whence with some difficulty I traced them to Marseilles.

I now asked myself why he had gone to Marseilles. He must have had some special reason for doing so. What was that reason? Seeking for it, I lighted upon what seemed to me the most feasible one,

namely, to open up negotiations for the sale of the gem. I was aware that in Marseilles was a firm of Jews, who traded under the style of Moses Cohen & Sons. These enterprising gentlemen were said to be the largest dealers in precious stones and *bric-à-brac* in Europe, and a little bird had whispered to me that they were not too particular with whom they did business. They would buy gems and jewels from anyone, and ask no questions, so long as they thought they could make money, and avoid complications with the legal authorities. To Messrs. Moses Cohen & Sons I resolved to go, and, by means of a stratagem, endeavour to worm from them the information I wanted, should it so happen that my surmise was correct. And so one morning I entered their shop, which was situated near the docks. It was a dingy, ramshackle, tumble-down sort of place, filled up with as strange an assortment of things as could have been found in any part of Europe. There were stuffed crocodiles and precious vases, gold tankards and Indian clubs, rings and jewels, shells and beads, rare rugs, filigree work, specimens of



"I ENTERED THE SHOP."

choice mosaic; there were elephants' tusks, and embroidered cloths of barbaric splendour,

head-dresses, shoes, and sandals from every clime under the sun—in short, it was the most heterogeneous and the oddest collection of things I had ever beheld under one roof, while the combination of scents and smells that assailed the nostrils defies even a suggestive description.

I had cropped my hair short *à la Française*, donned a blue blouse, a much-worn pair of trousers, and sabots. Ostensibly I was a French ouvrier, but from a certain assumed sullen expression, and a furtiveness of look, I might have aroused suspicion that I was not averse to any little enterprise, however illegitimate. Indeed, I had purposely endeavoured to suggest that I was by no means unfamiliar with the French hulks of Brest.

As I entered the emporium of curios I was confronted by a strange-looking little man, who eyed me with a pair of eyes that were as keen as hawk's, and of a purple blackness of hue. His face was of the most pronounced Jewish type, and his nose singularly suggestive of the beak of a bird of prey. He wore a Persian cap of embroidered velvet, and was otherwise attired in a very much frayed and faded Eastern robe, loosely held together at the waist by a silken cord ornamented with gold thread, while his feet were thrust into a pair of Turkish slippers. In age he was probably about thirty, though he really looked older, while his general expression was that of cupidity and cunning. He was engaged in examining a bundle of silk handkerchiefs from some Eastern bazaar, and, as I entered, he snarled out, as he fixed his eyes upon me—

"What do you want?"

He spoke in French, of course, and I answered him in French.

"I want to see the head of the firm," I said.

"I'm the head at present," he growled again. "What is your business?"

"Trade," I mumbled.

"What have you got to trade?" he demanded in the same growling sort of way.

"Nothing," I answered sharply, "if you treat me like a dog."

"Where do you come from?" he asked with a sort of savage eagerness.

"Paris," was my curt answer.

"So. And what are you?"

"Something more than I seem," I muttered.

"And what have you got to trade?" he asked, growing more eager.

"Gems and jewels," I replied, fixing my eyes upon him, and I saw his grow brighter, if that were possible, while in their dark depths the *auri sacra fames* manifested itself as I had never to my knowledge seen it do in such a way in any other eyes. The light that gleamed from those dark orbs was the light that comes into the miser's eyes at the sight of a heap of gold.

"Where did you get them?" he fairly gasped out, suppressing his excitement as well as he could, though it was too manifest to be altogether concealed.

"Well, sir, that's my business," I replied; "but I had a hint given me by one who is as staunch as steel that your firm would do a trade. I'd like to see your father, though."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he is not here. I tell you I'm the head at present, and I can do business as well as he can."

I affected not to notice this remark, but asked—

"When will your father be back?"

"I don't know."

"Can you give me no idea?"

"No."

"Then I'll come again," I said, and I made a movement as if about to go.

"Stay!" he cried. "If you want a good market, it is here; and I'll deal fairly with you, if you have stuff that is worth attention."

"Oh, of that there is no doubt. But I'll come again when your father is in."

This reiteration irritated him, and he said in the snarling way I had already noticed—

"You are a fool, and if you won't trade with me, you shan't trade with my father."

"Well, that may be so," I said with indifference, "but I'll try him, anyway."

"Then you'll have to wait a pretty long time."

"Why?"

"Because he's not in the country."

"Where is he?"

"He's in Morocco," came the unguarded answer; and, though it certainly might have been my fancy, I believe I detected in his face evidence of a feeling on his part that he had been foolish in speaking so hurriedly.

"Oh, he's in Morocco, is he!" I exclaimed.

"Well, that's unfortunate for me." Then after some moments of reflection, I asked, "Are you to be trusted?"





"I'LL THINK OVER THE MATTER."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, will you treat a fellow squarely, and not give him away."

"Certainly," he answered, "and secrecy and despatch is our motto."

"Well, I'll think over the matter," I replied, "and come and see you again."

His anger and irritability made themselves manifest. But, without waiting for him to continue the argument, I left the place with an instinctive feeling that I had again struck the trail; for it instantly occurred to me that old Moses Cohen had gone to Morocco in company with Jobson, who had changed his name to Rowland, and if I could establish that fact there could be but one deduction, namely, that they had gone to try and sell the great cat's-eye. I directed my attention now to tracing Rowland, and I found that he and his wife went to Lyons, then doubled back to Marseilles again, and took passage in the French steamer *La Pelouse* for Algiers, and in that steamer old Cohen also sailed.

The scent was getting hot now, and my surmises were becoming hard facts. In going to Lyons, Rowland had been actuated, no doubt, by the belief that he was making it more difficult for him to be traced; and when he and his wife came back to Marseilles, they had again changed their name, and were then known as Mr. and Mrs. St. John Clair, and in that name they were entered on the passenger list of *La Pelouse*. That they were the people I wanted there

was not the slightest doubt, for the description I received of them tallied exactly with the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife, who had been in Colombo.

Perhaps I need scarcely say that as soon as I could possibly get a steamer I was speeding to Algiers after them, and, arrived there, I ascertained they had proceeded to Mogador. This was the place, then, where they hoped to find a market, and to Mogador I resolved to go. But I saw the necessity for taking counsel with the French authorities in Algiers, and I appealed to Colonel Jules Marcet, who was in charge of the garrison. This gentleman promised to aid me in every possible way,

and he furnished me with an escort of ten Arab soldiers in charge of two French officers, and an interpreter, and, as I could tolerate no delay, we set off at once.

On reaching Mogador, I learnt that "an old Jew trader," speaking Arabic perfectly, had recently arrived in company with a white man and his wife, and the Jew had brought with him a most wonderful gem, which he was anxious to sell to the Sultan, who was then at his summer palace about twenty miles inland. Accordingly the Jew and the white man and his wife had gone out to him. It was now necessary to take such steps as would render it tolerably certain that I should recover the long missing gem. To do this some subterfuge would have to be resorted to, for the Sultan was a wily monarch, and, had he been so disposed, he might have sent the stone to some safe place of keeping in the heart of his country, and have defied anyone to obtain possession of it. I therefore, with the approval of the officers of my escort, had a message conveyed to him to say that I had come from England to see him on a very urgent matter indeed, and I humbly craved that he would grant me an audience, as my business was of such a nature that his interests might suffer if he refused to see me.

After waiting a few days his barbaric Majesty's answer came, and it was to the effect that the interview I solicited would be granted, and on the morrow an escort

from the palace would arrive to conduct me and my attendants to his presence.

When the next day dawned—it was a day of splendour and heat—fifty picturesque horsemen, each man clad in the ample white garments peculiar to the country, and mounted on a superb Arab steed, clattered into the town, and by command of His Majesty they had brought a spare horse for my use. After some delay we left the strange and quaint town of Mogador and struck inland. I had adopted the dress of the country, even to the ample folds of linen around the head and the peaked embroidered shoes of red Morocco leather. I also carried a native gun, and in my belt two of the large and formidable knives peculiar to the country. But, as a matter of self-protection, I had far more faith in the two heavy six-chambered revolvers, each barrel loaded, which I carried concealed beneath my dress, but easily get-at-able.

As we approached the palace a body of the Sultan's troops lined the road and saluted as we passed; and, entering a great gateway of exquisite Moorish architecture, I found myself in a quadrangle, in the centre of which was a clump of date-palms; and a fountain gurgled and plashed, impressing one with a most refreshing and delightful sense of coolness. Beneath the shade of the trees a group of men reclined, and a little further off a number of closely veiled women were squatted on the ground; and, though the eyes were the only part of their features exposed, I could not fail to observe, by the expression in the eyes, that they were regarding me with a keen and curious interest.

After being conducted through many winding passages we found ourselves at last in a spacious and magnificent chamber, the walls of which were panelled with gold mosaic. The floor was polished marble, and the vaulted ceiling was coloured blue and studded with stars of gold. Seated cross-legged on a raised dais, and attired in a most wonderful robe of gold and silk, was the Sultan, and surrounding him was an army of attendants; while two gigantic black fellows stood behind him fanning him with ponderous jewelled fans. The whole atmosphere was heavy with the odour of a strange perfume that was thrown up by a tiny fountain in the marble floor.

As I approached His Majesty with the most profound obeisance, I could not repress a start of pleasurable surprise as I observed

that, held by a little network of gold thread, a cat's-eye of unsurpassed splendour was glittering on his breast, and I felt that at last I gazed on the stolen gem. Through my interpreter I thus addressed the Sultan, adopting the florid and fulsome style peculiar to the country—

"Oh, most potent and mighty ruler of this great and wondrous land of beauty and light, whose power even kings and other great ones of the earth acknowledge, deign, I humbly crave, to give hearing to thy humble servant who lies in the dust at your feet."

"Speak; we will listen," answered the Sultan.

"This is my story, then, O Mightiness. I come in search of a stolen gem, which is like unto that which glitters on your breast."

The Sultan started, and his dark face flamed up with anger, as he answered—

"This gem have I lawfully acquired within the last few days from a man and woman from your own country, and a Jew of Marseilles, who has frequently supplied me with some of the treasures of the earth."

"Naught but truth could fall from the lips of your Majesty," I replied; "but the Jew and my country people have deceived you, and that stone has been stolen from its legitimate owner, a mighty lord of England, and I crave you, ere this Jew and his companions leave your kingdom, to have them seized, and compelled to return to you the money you have paid, and then place in my possession the gem which I have so long sought, in order that I may restore it to its sorrowing owner."

By His Majesty's commands I gave a detailed account of the history of the stone, and satisfied him that I was lawfully empowered to take charge of the gem, and also to convey the man and woman back to England, so that they might receive the measure of punishment due for the crime they had committed.

The Sultan was fiercely angry at being so deceived, and issued orders at once that a band of his picked soldiers should ride with all possible speed to Oran and bring back the man and woman and the Jew; and pending their arrival I was to be detained. For eight days I remained practically a prisoner in the palace, but at last one morning the beating of drums and the shouting of the people announced that the soldiers had returned, and soon I was informed that they had brought the Jew

and the "Jobsons" with them. In the afternoon I was conducted once more to the presence of the Sultan, and confronted with Cohen and his companions. "Jobson," as I had better continue to call him, was a tall, impos-

without duly inquiring how Jobson and his wife had obtained possession of the gem. On his part Jobson did all he could to create an impression that he was a greatly injured man, and that the charge I preferred against him was a false one. But it was very clear

that the Sultan did not believe him. And at last, under the impulse of a great fear, he blurted out that the gem had been stolen, but that he was only the agent for others. Whereupon his wife assailed him with a volley of abuse, which corroborated my impression that she was possessed of the

ill and the mind, and he was a poor weak fool.

The Sultan was evidently much concerned, and, though he had got all the money back that he had paid for the cat's-eye, he seemed loth to part with the stone, and said that he would give his decision in two days. In the meantime, I instructed my interpreter to impress upon His Majesty that if he failed to restore the stolen property to the rightful owner, he would most certainly give offence to both England and France. Whether this empty threat had any effect or not, I don't know; but at the end of the second day he sent word that he would deliver up the gem to me in the presence of his Prime Minister of State and the two French officers, and that I should be free to take Jobson with me out of the country, but that, unless the woman of her own will chose to accompany me, she should not be compelled to go.

The arrangement for delivering up the stone was duly carried out with considerable ceremony, but Mrs. Jobson, after abusing her husband for what she termed his "pitiable weakness and cowardice," said she would remain where she was, let the consequences be what they might.

Having got possession of the stone, I was anxious to leave without a moment's



"IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SULTAN."

ing-looking man, with quite a patrician cast of face; but his utterly dejected and scared expression showed that he felt the game was up. His wife was a little woman of considerable beauty, with a strong face and a mass of golden hair. She immediately struck me as a woman of an iron will and dogged determination, and I at once concluded that her husband was as potter's clay in her hands.

Cohen was no less striking: he was even a picturesque figure; of very swarthy complexion, and long dark hair falling in greasy ringlets about his neck and shoulders.

With singular adroitness the Sultan subjected him to a most severe cross-examination; and though the Jew with desperate effort tried to justify himself, he had to confess that he had undertaken the commission

delay, and I requested His Majesty to furnish me with an escort of his most trusted soldiers. He gave me twelve men, and, though night was closing in, I determined to set off immediately, for I had an impression that an attempt might be made to rob me of my precious charge. All night long I travelled without halt, and was truly thankful to ride into Mogador as the day was breaking. I had brought Jobson with me ; he seemed utterly broken down and dejected, and he was evidently in fear of his life.

After a brief rest the journey was resumed. The Sultan's soldiers were ordered not to go further than Mogador, and I continued on my way with my original escort, and reached Algiers without adventure. It was then decided that Jobson would have to be detained by the French, pending the formalities of extradition ; and, as a steamer was on the point of sailing, I took passage in her. For, while the precious gem remained in my possession, I was restless and sleepless with anxiety for its safety. It may well be imagined with what joy I found myself in London after my most exciting and adventurous journey. And I immediately telegraphed to Mr. Ashburton, telling him that I had recovered the stone.

Then, ascertaining that Lord Middlewick was at his mansion in Berkshire, I went down by the first train I could get. As I entered the room, he rose, and shook my hand, saying—

"Well, Donovan, it's a long time since I heard anything about you, and I suppose there is no chance now of my ever seeing the lost gem?"

"My lord, I have been following it about the world," I answered.

He smiled a little ironically as he remarked—

"And, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it has led you a useless dance, I presume?"

"Not exactly," I said, smiling in turn,

and producing from my pocket a little packet of tissue paper, I unrolled it ; and, as I laid the stone before him, I said : "Here is the lost cat's-eye, my lord, so that you see my journeying has not been useless altogether."

For some moments he could not speak, so great was his mingled surprise and emotion. Then he seized my hand again and wrung it, and exclaimed—

"Well, Donovan, you are the most wonderful fellow I have ever known ; and I almost believe you are gifted with powers of necromancy."

"There is nothing wonderful in the feat I have performed," I answered, with—as I hope—becoming modesty. "Endowed with an ability for logical reasoning, I have been able to use such slight clues as I could obtain. The result is, you are now in possession of the gem ; and perhaps I need scarcely remind you that Mr. Ashburton's honour is unstained."

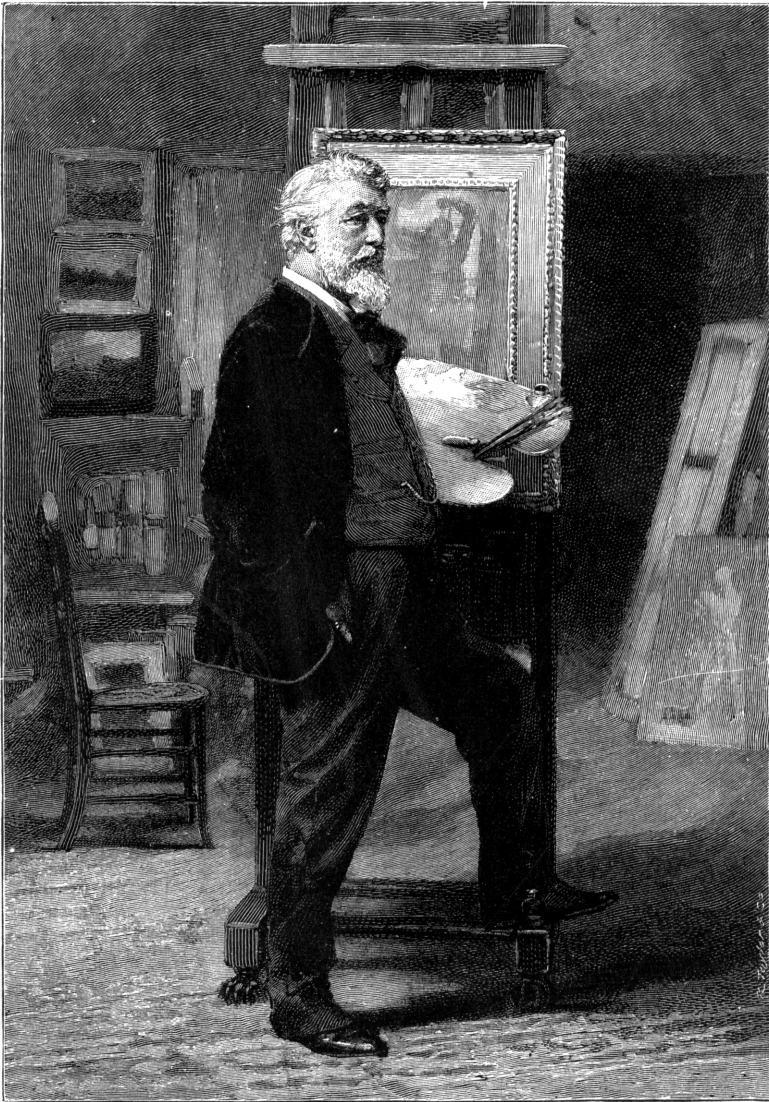
"Depend upon it, Donovan," said his lordship, quickly, "that I shall endeavour to make the most ample reparation to Mr. Ashburton for the unjust suspicion I have cast upon him."

It remains for me to say that, after some delay, Jobson was brought over from France, and duly put upon his trial for stealing the gem. His real name was proved to be William Hinton. He was the son of a much-respected clergyman, but had led a wild and restless life, and had married a clever adventuress, who, there was no reason to doubt, had led him astray. Two other men had been mixed up in the robbery, and had really found the money for Hinton's expenses ; but they managed to get out of the country, and thus avoided justice. On his own confession, Hinton was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. What became of his wife I never knew, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether she would ever be allowed to leave the Sultan of Morocco's dominions alive.



*Illustrated Interviews.*

No. XIV.—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



*From a Photo. by*

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON AT HIS EASEL.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*



NOT a sound reaches me here, save the singing of the birds," said Sir Frederick Leighton, as we stood for a moment in the garden of his beautiful house in the Holland Park-road, Kensington. It seemed to be a little world of its own. There was nothing whatever to disturb one's thoughts on this day of sunshine, when the flowers about

the lawn were looking their brightest and best, the great trees and tiny trailing ivy greener to-day than ever before. We knew the children were playing in the street, a few yards away, but their merry shouts and happy laughter could not be heard. The surroundings of the home of the President of the Royal Academy almost suggested the secret of the peaceful effect which seems to come over one when looking at many of his pictures.



We crossed the lawn, walked down a long leafy passage covered with ivy, and once again entered the house. I do not think there is another home in the land so beautiful as Sir Frederick's. It is the home of an artist, who must needs have everything about the place to harmonise as the colours he lays upon his canvases.

Sir Frederick is justly proud of his house. He does not care even to look back upon his own life, a life which has been one of remarkable brilliancy, a life which he has lived with a purpose; he is to-day at the head of his profession, a profession for which he was destined on his first birthday. Not only has his genius been conveyed through the channel of his brush and palette, but as a scholar and a thinker he impresses to the highest degree those whose good fortune it is to enjoy his friendship or acquaintance. Neither will he criticise the efforts of his brother artists save in terms of praise; neither will he speak of the life which he personifies—Art—a subject too great, he says, to be faithfully treated in the space in which I was to chronicle the events of the day which I passed with him. He turns from his life, his brother artists, and art

itself to his home. He loves his home. His house was not designed in a day or built in a year. It has been the work of years; bit by bit it has become more beautiful; its owner has watched it grow up almost as a father does his boy.

The house itself stands in a spot surrounded by many eminent painters; Luke Fildes, R.A., Val Prinsep, A.R.A., G. A. Watts, R.A.; whilst near at hand, in one of the studios adjoining, the younger Richmond, the eminent portrait painter, is working. Outside, the house, which is of red brick, is striking in its simplicity; it was built for Sir Frederick by Mr. Aitchison twenty-six years ago, and here the President of the Royal Academy has lived and worked ever since. Possibly the unimpressive aspect of the exterior was designed with a view of surprising the visitor when he once entered the place. The interior positively surpasses description. I had the great privilege of being taken from room to room by Sir Frederick Leighton; object after object was taken up and talked about, and it would be quite impossible to refer separately to all the artistic treasures of which he is the pos-



From a Photo. by]

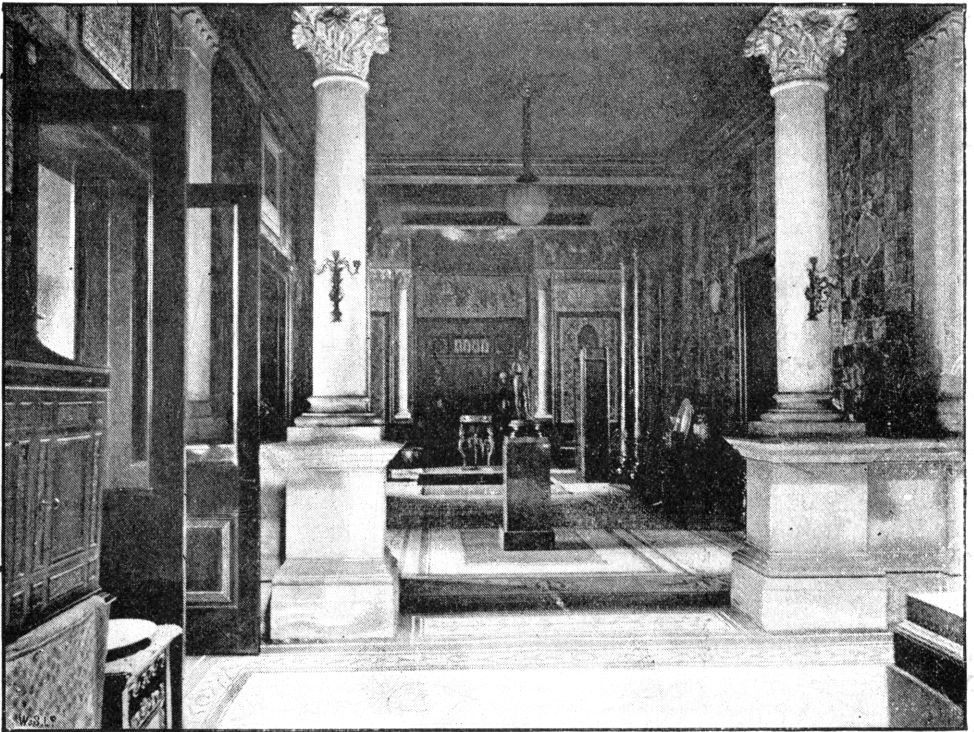
ARABIAN COURT—ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.

essor, the beauties of which were most enthusiastically dilated upon.

Entering from the street, you find yourself in a small hall. Though of the most artistic design, this, too, I fancy, is yet another blind for what lies beyond. In this hall stands a bronze statuette of Icarus, by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., executed for Sir Frederick. A few steps more through a solid-looking black ebony door picked out with gold (all the doors of the house are similar) and we enter the Arabian Court. Sir Frederick's Arabian Court is simply a creation; one can only stand and listen to the splashing of the fountain falling beneath

the sweetest of strains glide across the smooth plaques; if Aladdin himself were to enter bearing on his back his burden of precious stones. It is the very spot to which you would come to find all this. Sir Frederick pointed out to me the Damascus, Persian, and Rhodian ware which is liberally scattered about. The delicate wood-work is from Cairo, the exquisite mosaics are by Walter Crane; the blue tiles are among the first De Morgan ever did, and the capitals of the columns are carved with various birds by the late Sir Edgar Boehm. The only thing which has not been brought from some Eastern country is some very



From a Photo, by]

THE ARABIAN COURT.

[Elliott & Fry.

the golden dome at the far end of the court, and conjure up recollections of the fairest of scenes and grandest of palaces described in the Arabian Nights. We are in Kensington; but as one stands there it would not come as the least surprise if the Court were suddenly crowded with the most beautiful of Eastern women reclining on the softest of silken cushions in the niches in the corners; if the wildest and most fascinating dancers of the Arabian Nights were to come tripping in, and to the sound of

quaint candelabra exhibited in Old London at one of the South Kensington Exhibitions.

Walking down to the far end of this bewildering spot I stand beneath the great gilt dome, and the sun which is shining causes it to sparkle with a thousand gems. On looking up, the dome seems to lose itself far away, so delicate and ingenious is the construction and the colouring of it. It is a place in which to sit down and dream, for there is not a sound except the



From a Photo. by]

"BENEATH THE GREAT GILT DOME."

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

gentle splashing of the spray from the fountain. The fountain itself is hewn out of one solid block of black marble. It comes to one's memory that this spot has been more than once the scene of many amusing incidents. Sir Frederick's friends, in going through the court, frequently, when gazing at the beautiful ceiling, unconsciously walk into the water.

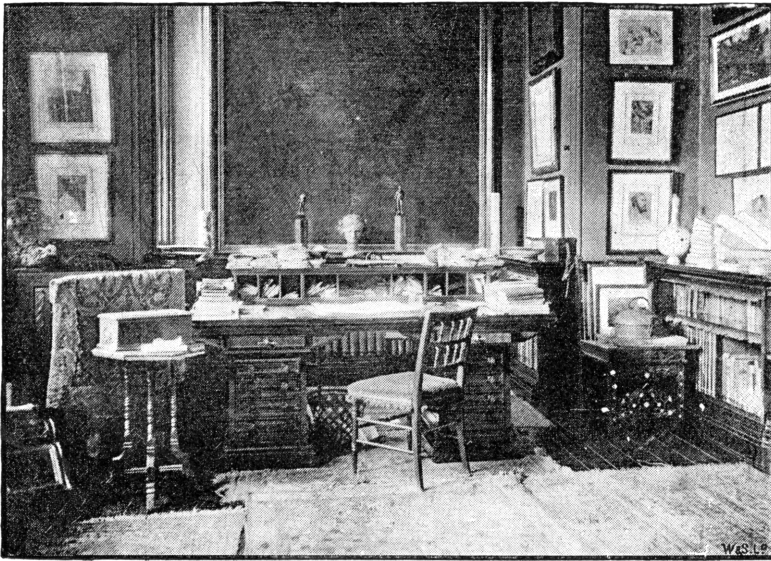
The study is to the left of the entrance hall. Here on the walls hang some exquisite heads by Legros, drawings by Alfred Stevens, and a number of etchings; choice specimens of mediæval ware fill odd corners, and here, too, almost hidden away from view, is an engraving of Old Burlington House, showing very different surroundings to those of 1892—the fields are away in the distance, waggons drawn by half a dozen horses are passing, and coaches heavily laden are driving past.

The dining and drawing-rooms are on the opposite side of the court. Both of them look out on the garden, and adjoin each other. The walls of the former are of dark Indian red. The Rhodian and Damascus plates, which are set out in single file from the ceiling to the floor, are very

numerous. A fine work by Schiavone hangs over the great oaken fireplace, and on either side of the hearth are a pair of quaint Arabian chairs ingeniously fitted with looking-glasses on their backs and arms.

The drawing-room is a very delightful apartment. The colour of the walls is of a delicate nut brown, while the ceiling is pure white. There is a recess which opens out on to the garden, and set in the ceiling of this is a magnificent study by Delacroix for a ceiling in the Palais Royal. More plates are upon the walls, and curios and priceless nick-nacks of all descriptions and from all countries are upon the tables. The pictures are all oil colours. Sir Frederick is pardonably proud of possessing four panels by Corot, which he regards as the finest this artist ever painted. They hang in pairs, two on each side of the recess, and their subjects are "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night." "Wetley Rocks" is the title given to the first picture painted by George Mason after he settled in England. There is yet another Corot, a David Cox, and a couple of Constables. One of the Constables is the original palette-knife sketch for the



*From a Photo. by*

THE STUDY.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

"Hay-wain." The canvas—for which this was the first sketch—was sent to Paris, gaining a gold medal, and at the same time causing an immense sensation in the French capital. Landscape painting at that period was not understood; heavy historical subjects were in fashion, and it was considered a daring thing for an artist to paint nature in its simplicity, as seen in the green meadows and fields. Sir Frederick expressed the opinion that the simple little canvas of the "Hay-wain" revolutionised the French school of painting.

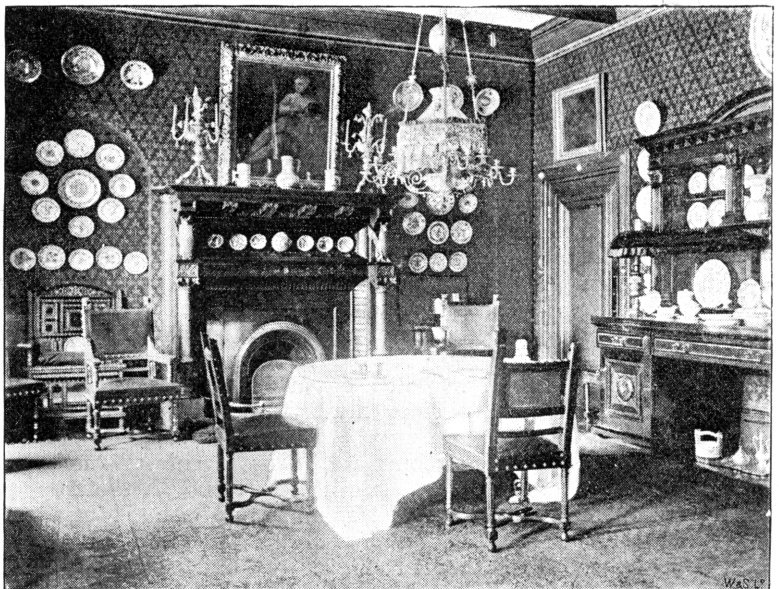
Passing again into the hall, one notices a stuffed peacock which figured in one of the great artist's pictures. The beautiful colouring of the feathers of this bird led Sir Frederick to give it a prominent place in the most noticeable part of his house.

On the stairs

leading to the studio many rare works of art are met with. Here hangs a copy of Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam," while near it is an unfinished canvas by Sir Joshua Reynolds; though unfinished, it is, in reality, a very valuable possession, as it is a silent witness to the fact that Sir Joshua never outlined his figures with a pencil, but used the brush from the beginning.

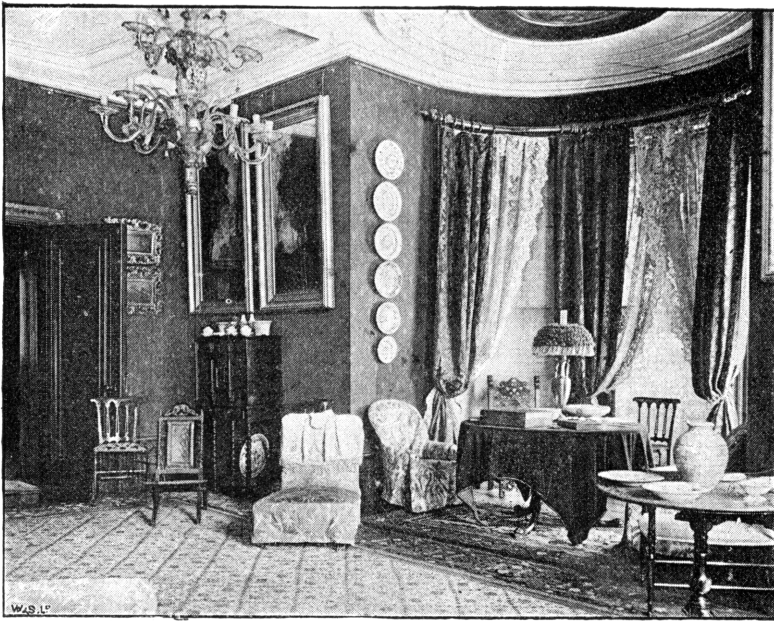
The picture represents Lord Rockingham with Burke, his secretary, and the face of the latter is barely suggested.

At the top of the staircase is a delightful little antechamber. Walking to the end of this you may look through a screen made of wood brought from Cairo and see the fountain playing down below. This spot also affords a closer view of the exquisite workmanship which has been put into the

*From a Photo. by*

THE DINING-ROOM.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*



From a Photo. by]

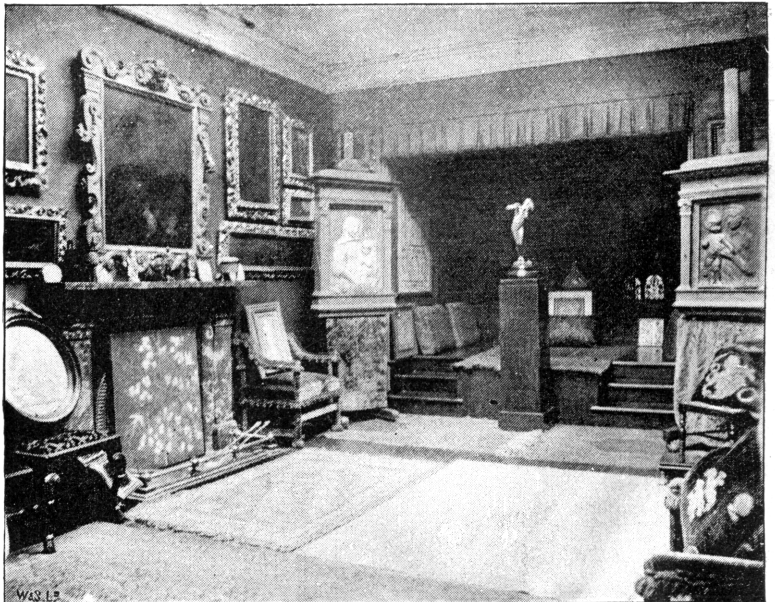
THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

dome. There are many fine works here, notably the original sketch for the "Needless Alarm," which Sir Frederick gave to Sir John Millais, who, in return, presented him with that charming work "Shelling Peas." Paolo Paruta, the Venetian historian, painted by Tintoretto, is also here, besides a head of Bassano and another example of Schiavone.

Now Sir Frederick leads the way into the great studio—his workshop. It is one of the biggest studios in London. It would take a dozen pages to chronicle everything that it contains. The walls are covered with tiny sketches done by the artist whilst travelling; scenes of Rome, the Nile, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Athens, Seville, Algiers, and other picturesque spots in-

ving to the artist all find their place, and amongst the beautiful studies of the Continent are mingled the daintiest of views of the scenery of our own country: the valleys of Devonshire, the glorious green slopes of Ireland, the mountains of Scotland and of Wales. On the south side of the studio, running along the top, is a portion of the famous Elgin frieze. Immediately opposite the entrance is the studio window, which is of large proportions and affords a magnificent light for painting. Set out in the recess of the window are objects every single one of which is worth noting. Here are studies for the "Daphnephoria"—the boy carrying the tripod, the man beating time to the music



From a Photo. by]

THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

of the procession, and many other figures introduced into that most remarkable work; a sketch for the "Sluggard," and a tiny model in plaster of the trio of beautiful maidens which form the subject of one of his Academy pictures for this year, "The Garden of the Hesperides."

I asked Sir Frederick to tell me something about his studies for his pictures. I learnt that they were numberless.

He is constantly making little play-sketches—hundreds of them in the course of a year; many of them may never be used, yet every one may come in useful at some time. He carefully preserves all these studies—he still has stored away the little book in which he used to draw as a boy when he was nine years of age. He is continually finding little sketches he made years ago coming



*From a photo. by]*

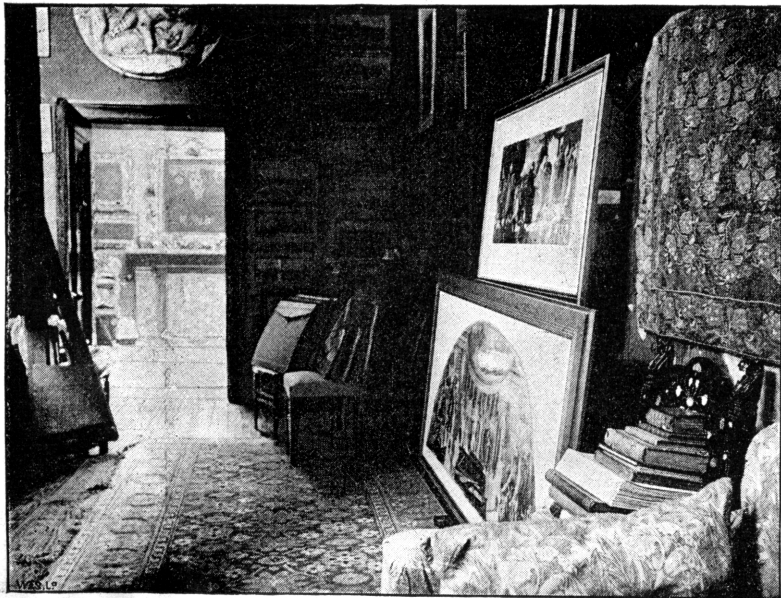
UNDER THE STUDIO WINDOW.

*[Elliott & Fry*

in for pictures to-day. Sir Frederick took from a portfolio some of these studies. They were done on pieces of brown paper; one of these was for a Sibyl; two others were the first studies for two of the maidens in the "Garden of the Hesperides," and yet two more which were prominent figures in his famous work "Andromache." Some of these are reproduced in these pages.

There are quite a number of easels about with works upon them which are still in progress.

"Here is a very beautiful drawing by Gainsborough," said Sir Frederick, taking down from the wall one of the familiar Gainsborough women, with the equally familiar Gainsborough hat and feathers, which any modern woman would envy. "It was a study for a picture he painted for George III.



*From a Photo. by]*

THE CORRIDOR.

*[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

called 'The Mall.' Gainsborough was walking along the Mall one day when he saw and was attracted by the lady in the picture. She perceived that the artist was attempting to draw her portrait, and very carefully walked to and fro in order to give him every facility for making a likeness. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to come and look at this study when he was painting Miss Farren for Lord Derby."

We were now looking at a very old engraving of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1777; it bears the autograph of the Prince of Wales, who presented it to Sir Frederick. Sir Frederick merrily points out an inscription on it in Greek which he translates, "Let no one enter who is not a lover of the Muse." "Rather curious, that inscription," he says; "for if you look at the picture you will see two

dogs coming in at the door! The engraving represents Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, showing the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family through the great room of the Exhibition. I may tell you that it is customary for the President to take any members of the Royal Family round when they signify their intention of visiting Burlington House. His Royal Highness saw this picture in Paris, and immediately said, pointing to the figure of Sir Joshua, 'Why, that is Leighton showing me round the Royal Academy.' So he graciously gave me the engraving."

Passing from the great studio through a small corridor furnished with ebony book-shelves and large pieces of canvas, and drawing the great plush curtains on one side, we enter the winter studio. Here

the great artist paints when the light of the larger room is not sufficiently strong. A magnificent Persian carpet hangs on the wall. Here, too, is the picture, already referred to, of a girl shelling peas, the inscription on which reads, "To Sir Frederick Leighton from John Edward Millais, March 7, 1889." A great cross of wood near at hand tells that Sir Frederick will shortly be engaged on a work suggestive of the Crucifixion.

In a corner of the room, set out on a black ebony table, are great jars from far-off lands crowded with brushes. Many artistic "props" lie in this little studio. Here I found a tiny wreath of everlasting flowers, a golden lyre, tambourines, and many other things. The golden lyre is the one seen in the "Garden of the Hesperides"; the tambourine and wreath of





DRAWING FOR THE PICTURE OF "ANDROMACHE."

flowers figure in another of the Academy pictures, whilst here is a pretty little stuffed antelope, which formed a part of another work in this year's exhibition.

Together we returned to the great studio, and, sitting down, Sir Frederick recalled many interesting reminiscences in his career.

The appearance of the President of the Royal Academy is familiar to all. In spite of his sixty-one years he is still one of the handsomest of men. His hair is quite silver, and his features are as perfect and as distinctive as those in his own pictures. He speaks very softly, with combined gentleness and deliberation. His heart is evidently in every subject upon which he converses. When we remember the numerous duties attached to the office of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, he may almost be regarded as one of the hardest worked men in London. He is in his studio by half-past eight every morning, and previous to that hour he has had his first breakfast, glanced through *The Times*, opened his letters, and read for three-quarters of an hour besides. He works on his Academy pictures up to the very last moment, and when painting wears a pair of large spectacles with divided glasses, the upper part of the glasses being used for seeing

his model at a distance, and the lower for painting. These he has worn for the



STUDY FOR "ANDROMACHE."

last ten years, although there is practically nothing the matter with his eyes. He is a most accomplished linguist, and at his Sunday "At Homes," where there are sometimes representatives of many nationalities and tongues at his house, he will converse with them all one after the other in their own language. His kindness of heart is proverbial; he never fails to encourage; and he is refined geniality itself. As an instance of his kindly spirit for everybody, a capital story is told: On the occasion of a Royal Academy Exhibition the President was walking down the stairs of his house in full dress, on which two medals were displayed, to his carriage, when, wishing to enter a small room in the vicinity, he found that the door was locked. It seems that his housekeeper, who had only been with him a few days, had hid herself in the little room with a view to catching sight of Sir Frederick departing for the Royal Academy. On opening the door she nearly fell into his arms. Sir Frederick happily realised the situation, and in the most

genial manner possible turned himself round and round, and laughingly asked his housekeeper what she thought of him.

Sir Frederick Leighton's birth took place at Scarborough on December 3, 1830. There seems to be some little doubt as to which was the house in which this very interesting event took place. One thing is certain, that it was situated in Brunswick-terrace. A large private hotel and boarding-house has been erected on the old site. It seems that the old building was not entirely de-

molished, but the present one was built over it, the walls of several of the rooms being utilised as they stood. The lady who owns the hotel has stated that when her late husband purchased the place, they were given to understand that Sir Frederick was born in No. 1 room. The next-door neighbour, however, claimed for his house the

honour of being connected with Sir Frederick. They determined to decide the dispute some years ago by an appeal to the great artist himself, and wrote to him accordingly. He was, however, unable to definitely locate the place of his birth, and so both houses still claim the distinction.

At a very early age the future President of the Royal Academy evinced a strong talent for painting. It is a curious fact that whilst both his father and grandfather were doctors, and many other members of his family were talented in music, with the one exception of his mother's brother none of his relations showed any aptitude for drawing. His parents never for a moment doubted his qualifications for an artist, even at this

early age; they simply declined to trust their own judgment in allowing their boy to follow art as a profession. Still, little Leighton never lost an opportunity of using his pencil. Every facility was given to him to follow out his inclinations, and his father, being a medical man, naturally saw that his son was well instructed in anatomy. At ten years of age his family went to Rome, and Sir Frederick began taking lessons from Signor Meli, but it was not until he was fourteen, when in



A STUDY FOR A FIGURE IN "ANDROMACHE."

Florence, that his future career was decided upon. His father said to him :

"Now, Fred, give me a number of your designs, and I will take them to Mr. Powers," referring to Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. "If he says that you will be a distinguished artist, all well and good. If not, you must give up the idea."

His father took some sketches, including a great battle-scene suggested by one of Macaulay's poems.

"And what is the verdict, Mr. Powers?" asked Mr. Leighton. "Shall I make him an artist?"

The reply was: "You can't help yourself, sir; Nature has done it for you."

"Will he be an eminent artist?" then asked Mr. Leighton.

The answer was: "Sir, your son can be as eminent as he pleases."

This settled the whole question, and the youthful artist from that day was allowed free course in the matter.

"I have a slight recollection of my first drawing master," said Sir Frederick. "While at Rome I remember saying to my father, 'I want to learn drawing.' 'All right,' was the reply, 'go and get a master.' I made inquiries, obtained the address of a man, went to him and engaged him. I remember he was very much amused when he found that I knew how to write down his name and address; but he gave me most careful attention, and outline drawings to copy. He was very firm; if he did not like my copy he used to put three strokes across it, and make me do it again."

Young Leighton then studied in the Academy at Berlin, then at Frankfort-on-

Main, and afterwards went to Brussels, where he painted his first important picture, representing Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields. So years passed on in studying in Paris, copying pictures in the Louvre, and returning again to Frankfort. The first picture which told Englishmen of the genius of Sir Frederick was "Cimabue's Procession," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855.

"I shall never forget packing that picture up to send it to England," said Sir Frederick: "I was in Rome at the time. I found some of the colours on the canvas were quite wet, but I risked it; and, taking some varnish with a brush, I went for my picture. It was still so wet that the paint came off by touching it with a handkerchief. However, it arrived in England as sound as a rock, and the Queen bought it immediately it was exhibited."

It was in Rome that Thackeray, whilst Leighton's name was

barely known in England, wrote to Millais and told him that he had met a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the presidency one day." With the advent of "Cimabue's Procession" his fame was established and his genius at once recognised. He did not, however, come to England for four years after his first great success. From the time he settled in this country up to the present day every picture that he has painted has called for diligent study from the public. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, and an Academician in 1869. He became President in succession to Sir



STUDY FOR A SIBYL.

Francis Grant on November 13, 1878. In that year the French Exhibition was held, and he was made President of the British section there, and received the Legion of Honour.

"The first statue I did," said Sir Frederick, "was that of an athlete wrestling with a python. The little sketch for this I merely did casually. It took but a short time to model, and there was no question of exhibiting it. But one or two friends saw the model, amongst them Legros, who remarked, 'Why not carry it out on a larger scale?' I laughed, thinking I should not be able to manage it, but finally succeeded. It occupied a couple of years in completing, working on it occasionally. It was eventually bought under the Chantrey bequest, sent to Paris, and got a first-class gold medal and diploma. I also did the 'Sluggard' and 'Needless Alarm.'"

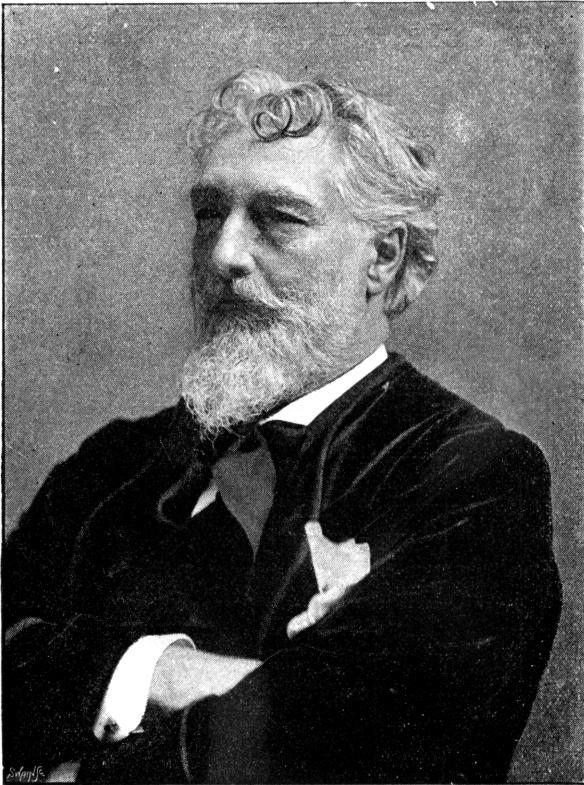
Seeing that Sir Frederick always declines to express himself on any great artistic subject in the haphazard way in which we were chatting together, I contented myself with asking him one or two questions on the very simple topics of canvases, colours, models and methods of working.

"I never give my whole attention to one picture at the same time," said Sir Frederick; "I invariably have six or seven canvases going, and I find it gives me all the rest I need to go from one to the other, working a little bit here and a little bit there. By this means the eye is constantly refreshed; I get through a good deal of work by this system. I have no special models, and there is no model who sits

to me alone. Models are constantly ringing at my side door, anxious to become engaged, just as they do at the doors of other studios. The faces I paint are never the faces of my models; what the artist puts on the canvas is the impression which the model produces upon him—what he feels inwardly, and not what he sees before him. Yes, I am very devoted to drapery, and invariably use a certain kind of muslin for dresses. In a picture the colour of a garment is an invention on the part of the artist, and not a copy of the colour of any fabric. It is quite a mistake to imagine that we take a garment out of a cupboard and paint it; it is simply used for getting the form and folds; the colour is conceived. I consider that the colours used to-day, if properly prepared, ought to be far better and much more durable than those of the past. In the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Wilkie, during the reign of asphaltum, a colour used very largely then but now quite out of use, the pictures suffered very much. Although I have been painting in oils exactly fifty years, I have only had one

single accident happen with a pigment."

Sir Frederick Leighton seldom paints portraits. He considers it "fetters one down, as you are simply bound to satisfy your subject." He cannot work under restraint, neither can he use his brush whilst being watched; he could not touch a canvas with his most intimate friend by his side looking on. He likes to work with a large palette, and by preference with one of lemon-coloured wood.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.  
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

HARRY HOW.



## Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

### II.—THE JASPER VALE OF THE FALLING STAR.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.



Y all that's wonderful!" exclaimed Denviers. "Look yonder, Harold!" and he pointed towards a jagged ridge which rose in majestic grandeur from the mighty volcanic valley of the Lar.

I turned my glance in the direction indicated by my companion, and, for a moment, could not give utterance to my surprise at the strange sight.

"The woman must be mad," I blurted out at last; "one false step, or even a breath of wind, will send her headlong down to the valley beneath, a shapeless and lifeless mass."

"Yet that fate would bring her rest and forgetfulness," said Hassan, who stood with us gazing from the height of the Aftcha Pass. There was a strange pathos in the Arab's voice as he spoke, and Denviers, knowing that Hassan had uttered the truth concerning our recent visit to Petra, was silent.

Leaving Petra, we had travelled eastward again, and at last found ourselves traversing this grand pass; for we were now in the heart of Persia, a country which we knew would amply repay us for the long, dreary journey which led from the scene of our last adventure in Arabia.

Owing to the intense heat of the day, we travelled only between sunset and sunrise, passing the rest of the time within the beautifully woven tent which Hassan had

procured for us on entering Persia, in place of the rough camel-skin covering which had sheltered us from the sun in Arabia.

At the foot of the pass we had bargained with a nomadic Hilyat for the possession of two black Afghan horses on which we rode, Hassan leading the sumpter mules laden with our baggage.

It was a weird spectacle which met our eyes as we stood gazing at the snow-clad crest of Demavend in the distance, the silvery Lar winding its way down in the valley beneath, while around us were mountain tops, separated by the precipices

on either side of the spot on which we stood.

In the moonlight that streamed down and flooded the topmost ridge of the mountain before us, stood a woman with her hair hanging in tangled masses, framing the beauty of her olive complexion and lustrous eyes as it fell over her shoulders in wild profusion. The white garment which clothed her was encircled at the waist by a belt, which flashed as the rays of the moon fell upon the jewels which studded it. The expression of an infinite sadness which stamped

her features seemed well in accord with Hassan's remark.

"Do you know her history?" asked Denviers, in response to

the vague words of Hassan.

"The child of Arabia's desert, to whom the lore of these Eastern countries is known, has indeed heard her story, but it ill be-



"THE WOMAN MUST BE MAD!"

comes the Sunnee, as a true worshipper and a believer in Mahomet, to speak of the hateful Sheahs." I knew how deep the jealousy of the Arabs and Persians was, as to the merits of their respective claims as true followers of the Prophet, but Hassan had never before refused to satisfy our curiosity whenever able. Indeed, as Denviers often hinted, when facts failed him, Hassan was quite able to narrate some story of which we could only conclude he was the originator.

"Come, Hassan," said Denviers, "I don't suppose the Prophet will object to our hearing what brings this woman here, far away from the haunts of her race." The Arab's face only seemed to become more resolute at this remark.

"I will not speak of the false Sheahs," he responded almost angrily; "seek from the woman herself the information which you desire." I looked in surprise, first at Hassan, then into Denviers' face.

"Don't rouse his fanatical prejudices, whatever you do," I whispered; "we cannot afford to quarrel with him just now; after all, Hassan has been more faithful to us by far than most of his fraternity would have been."

I stopped suddenly. The woman had observed us, and, uttering a plaintive cry, as of some hunted animal, began to descend the mountain side. My head grew dizzy as I saw her clinging with her delicate hands to projections of the mountain to steady herself as she made her way down the almost perpendicular slope. We sprang from

our horses and stood watching her with astonishment.

"Look here, Harold," said Denviers, "I feel certain that there is something very strange recorded with regard to this woman. Hassan is not usually so reticent; I have a good mind to scale the precipice on this side, and to meet her as she reaches the valley below."

I moved close to the edge of the rocky path which formed the pass along which we had journeyed, and then looked shudderingly down.

"I doubt whether you would reach the bottom alive or not," I responded; "there are possibly plenty of adventures in store for us without risking this descent. Still, I too feel a strange desire to learn this woman's history, and if you run the risk of climbing down I will certainly follow." Denviers turned to Hassan, who seemed to take little interest in the conversation.

"You can wait here till we have reached the valley below, then make for the road towards Demavend. After proceeding a farsakh (four miles), pitch the tent, there we will endeavour to rejoin you at daybreak to-morrow." The Arab bent his head obediently, and stood with folded arms to watch the mad attempt which we were about to make. A minute afterwards Denviers was cautiously

making his way down the side of the precipice. I gave one glance at the white-clad figure of the woman, who was now two hundreds yards below, then, with a determination to abide by Denviers in the hazardous attempt, began to follow him.

In spite of the utmost caution we slipped



"SHE BEGAN TO DESCEND THE MOUNTAIN SIDE."

and tumbled time after time, while the jagged projections tore our garments and lacerated our hands and feet badly, for we had bared the later for the purpose of obtaining a firmer foothold than we might otherwise have done. How long the descent really occupied we could scarcely tell ; but, with death so imminent, each minute seemed to us an eternity.

Half way down we stopped for a moment, and, resting on a shelving piece of the mountain, looked across to where the woman was. She still outdistanced us in the descent, but we were surely though slowly gaining upon her.

"We shall reach the valley as soon as she does," said Denviers. "It is a terrible strain, but we must go on now, to return would be impossible." He scrambled down the side of the rock on which we had rested, and when he had descended about twenty yards I followed.

Exhausted, and with every bone in our bodies aching, we reached the valley at last, and, like two men who had just escaped death, we grasped each other's hand firmly for a moment. Then we crossed the valley and hastened in the direction where we observed the woman had just descended.

The silence which she had hitherto maintained, save for that one solitary cry, was broken ; for, on seeing us in pursuit of her, she gave utterance to wild, weird screams of fear, and fled down the valley. We followed closely, and saw her disappear in a long jagged fissure which seemed as if it had been made by a shaft of lightning quivering through the solid rock. Through this gap we went, and in a few minutes emerged into a second valley, led thither by the fugitive.

As soon as she reached this spot, the woman stopped, and seemed to have forgotten altogether that we were pursuing her. So strange were the surroundings, and so brilliant was the scene which met our gaze, that we hesitated to approach her, and, hiding in a slight hollow, shadowed partly from the moon's rays, we looked closely at the woman's face—beautiful even amid the wonders which the valley disclosed.

We held a whispered conversation as to the best method in which we might get her to converse with us without fear, and finally we determined to await the course of events, which we thought might help on our desire.

## II.

THE valley which we had entered was entirely composed of a wondrous jasper of

a yellowish tinge, which seemed at intervals to become blue or crimson, while from its sides, which were elaborately carved with Eastern designs, there arose at the far end what appeared to us to be the remains of a gigantic portal, fully a hundred feet in height. Above was the blue sky, spangled with stars, among which one, larger than the rest, seemed to shed its silver rays upon the valley below, not less intense than did the crescent moon.

The form of the woman seemed to move about as if it were the ghost of some one risen from the grave to haunt the scene of its former joys or sorrows. Presently from out of a small embrasure was drawn some material which she kindled, and then, lying partly prone before it, she fixed her gaze intently on the glowing embers, glancing occasionally at the star shining in splendour above. As her eyes seemed to become yet more fixed upon the fire, Denviers cautiously advanced, and motioned to me to follow. He moved to where the woman was, and, reaching the place, quietly seated himself opposite to her. I followed his example, and was surprised to observe that, in spite of our presence, the woman's eyes were not directed towards us. I felt a strange nervous feeling run through me at the silence which reigned around us, unbroken by any of the three beings gathered round the fire.

Glancing at the woman's face again, I observed that her features seemed to be wrapped in a trance-like repose, although her eyes still shone full and lustrous.

"We would know why it is that you wander here alone, nor fear the terrors of the night?" Denviers ventured to say, in a tone which seemed to me strangely subdued and calm. The woman's lips parted, and she answered in Arabic :—

"Why seek ye to learn? Are not the sorrows of one sufficient for that one to bear?"

"I know not," responded Denviers, "but thou, fair as a flower, surely hast no cause for sorrow."

"Listen and decide," answered the woman, "then will ye know what troubles my spirit, for I am destined to wander without rest because of the deed which was mine when Prince Kasmir lived in this land." She paused and glanced again at the star above, while, for a moment, the deep impress of sorrow returned to her countenance as she did so. Then, looking once more into the glowing embers, she continued :—

"Years ago, when this glittering valley

was the courtyard of a prince's palace, I was the beloved of Prince Kasmir. In his presence the hours would fly as if they were minutes, while without him time passed drearily indeed. There was a law in Persia that prince and peasant must not wed, but my lover heeded it not; he knew that one day he would rule over

and by her side walked my adored, Prince Kasmir.

"He had told me of the expected coming of this Eastern queen, but had laughed when I murmured that perhaps his love would fly from me to her. He promised to come from his palace the next night as usual, but hour after hour passed and yet he did not appear. Never again did he meet me as of old, for a new love had filled his breast, and then there came to me strange rumours that Kasmir was to wed the queen, in order that the two countries might in this way be united, and ruled as if they were but one.

"At first I could not believe it, then I began to wander at nightfall alone; and once, when I ventured into this valley of jasper, I saw two lovers come forth from yonder archway. They talked and laughed together, and the maiden leant her head upon the shoulder of the

man at her side. I crept close to them, hidden by the shadow

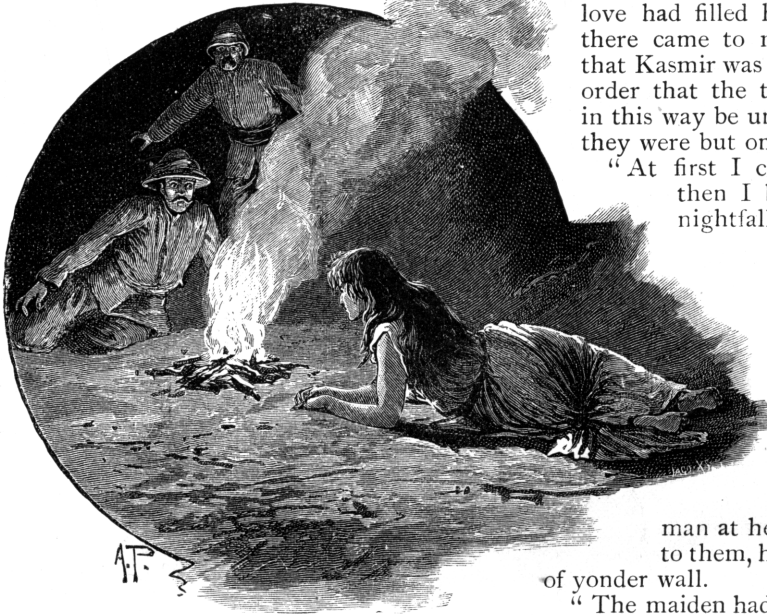
of yonder wall.

"The maiden had come from Eastern lands, and, by the rich pearls of mystic hue which she wore, I knew that this must be the queen whom I had seen once before. At first the man's face was partly hidden from me, but he raised it, and, gazing into his companion's eyes, their lips met in a lover's kiss; but I, wretched beyond measure, fell prostrate in the friendly shadow, for in that moment I recognised Prince Kasmir, and I knew that the rumour was true, and that my lover was lost to me for ever!

"I lay there, still and silent, until the two passed through the archway once more; then I went slowly back to the tent, dejected and alone.

"In the tribe of the Hilyats there dwelt one who was famous for charms of great potency, and to him I went and told, with many a sigh, that my lover was false. He was kind to me, and promised aid. When I went to him again he said that the stars had agreed to help me to regain the Prince's affection.

"By his commands I made a fire of

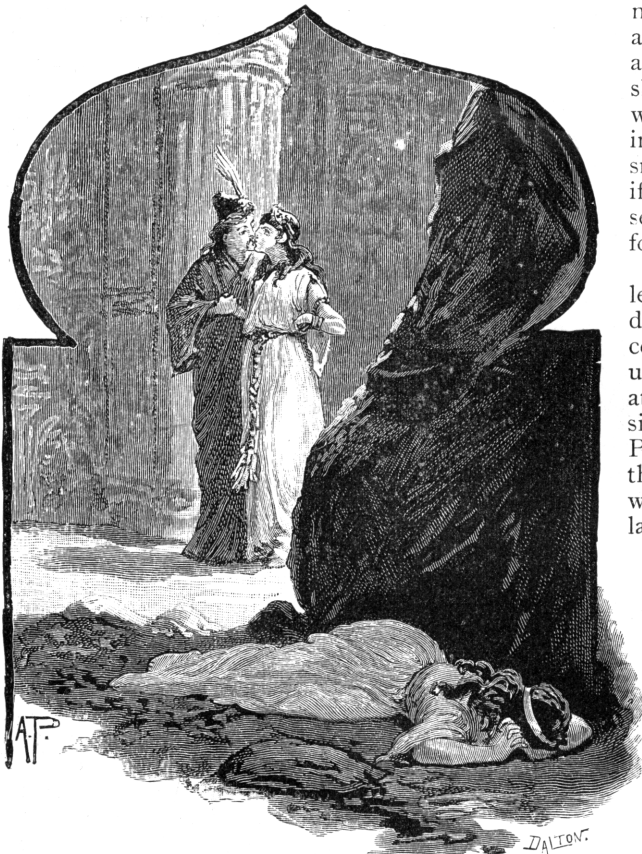


"LOOKING INTO THE GLOWING EMBERS."

this country, and such a law he vowed should not be suffered to exist.

"Every night, when those within the palace were asleep, he would steal out and wander side by side with me through the valleys down to the lotus-kissed waters of the Lar, which flows not far from here. Beneath the shade of a friendly tree was hidden a boat, and, entering it, we voyaged together, his oars keeping time to the melodies which we sang together of love and its eternity.

"Before the grey dawn came stealing with ghostly raiment up the vale, we would return; he to the palace and I to the humble tent wherefrom I nightly stole. Happy indeed were we, until in an evil hour the queen of a country on the far borders of Arabia came to visit the Persian land. Standing among the crowd of peasants and nomads that thronged the palace gate, I saw the long retinue pass in, and lastly a regal woman was borne upon a sumptuous litter,



"I LAY THERE STILL AND SILENT."

glowing embers upon this spot, such as the one ye now see, and waited for the coming of night. Sitting beside it, I was told to watch the lovers, and, when they passed into the jasper vale, to blow the embers, that they might glow redder still, as the charm which was given me was mingled with them. Then should my lover be restored to me, and the queen who had stolen his love should perish. So said the great magician.

"When the stars came out I heard the sound of voices, as before; then the lovers appeared from under the archway. I placed the charm upon the embers, and, fanning them with my breath, next looked up at the great star which shone brighter than the others, and begged it to be pitiful and to restore to me my beloved.

"As I did so, a sudden light appeared above, for the star burst and fell upon the lovers! I hastened forward, for the magician had told me that the Prince would be uninjured. Alas! when I reached the spot

nothing was there, for the Prince and his adored one had disappeared. I looked up to the sky once more, but the great star was no longer to be seen; while in its place were two others, smaller, but shining together, as if the twain had become stars set in the blue heaven to abide for ever side by side.

"I ran shrieking from the valley, and wandered aimlessly for days on the mountain slopes. I could not die, and now my spirit urges me ever to visit this valley at nightfall. Years have passed since then; the palace of the Prince has disappeared, but amid the ruins of this jasper vale I wander sadly, or climb the desolate mountain peaks.

"When the great star which ye see above appears, I kindle a fire, as I did of old, for then do I see the star fall again and the lovers perish. The magician deceived me, for he hated the Prince, and used me as the means of destroying him."

### III.

THROUGHOUT the narrative neither of us had interrupted; on its conclusion I glanced uneasily at my companion.

"What do you think about this star?" I whispered. For reply, Denviers pointed towards the woman, who had partly raised herself, and was engaged in endeavouring to make the embers glow brighter. After remaining silent for some minutes before answering my question, Denviers at last said—

"If there is any truth in what we have been told, I think the proof of it will soon be forthcoming."

"The woman seems to be strangely moved," I continued; "would it not be better for us to move away to the spot from where we watched her as she kindled the fire?" To this question Denviers assented, and we took up a position from which we could observe clearly whatever happened in the valley.

"Do you think she is mad?" I asked. Then, without waiting for my companion to answer, I grasped his arm firmly to enjoin silence.

He glanced in the direction in which he



saw I was eagerly looking, and which was towards the jasper gateway.

A thin film of mist seemed to me to have arisen, and in the midst of it the face of a woman apparently arose. Clearer and more distinct it seemed to become, and then the form of the Queen appeared clad in a flowing robe, and adorned with strings of pearls about her neck and arms, while upon her head there glittered a diamond tiara.

As the star above her seemed to shine still brighter, a man, tall and majestic, was to be seen at her side, and the lovers were bathed in a silvery light that streamed down upon them.

"Frank!" I whispered, in an awestruck tone, "are they living beings upon whom we gaze, or are they spirits risen from the dead?"

"Hush, Harold!" he answered, quietly, "your sight must be keener than mine, for at present I see nothing there."

The woman by the embers rose, the calm expression vanished from her countenance, and she staggered forward with outstretched arms. We watched the scene intently. When she reached the jasper gate, she flung herself wildly on her knees, as she exclaimed—

"Kasmir, my beloved one, once again art thou come from the sleeping shades that my eyes may rest upon thee, and that I may lament the love which all unknowingly destroyed thee."

The man seemed to turn coldly from her, then bent forward, and glanced passionately into the eyes of the form at his side.

The star above seemed for a moment to cleave the sky, then, bursting into myriads, fell in a shower like a silver sea,

and enveloped what appeared to me to be the forms of the lovers and the woman kneeling vainly at their feet!

Almost immediately the vale assumed its former appearance, and we rushed forward, but found only the woman, to whose story we had listened, kneeling with clasped hands and that look of infinite sorrow upon her face which we had seen before.

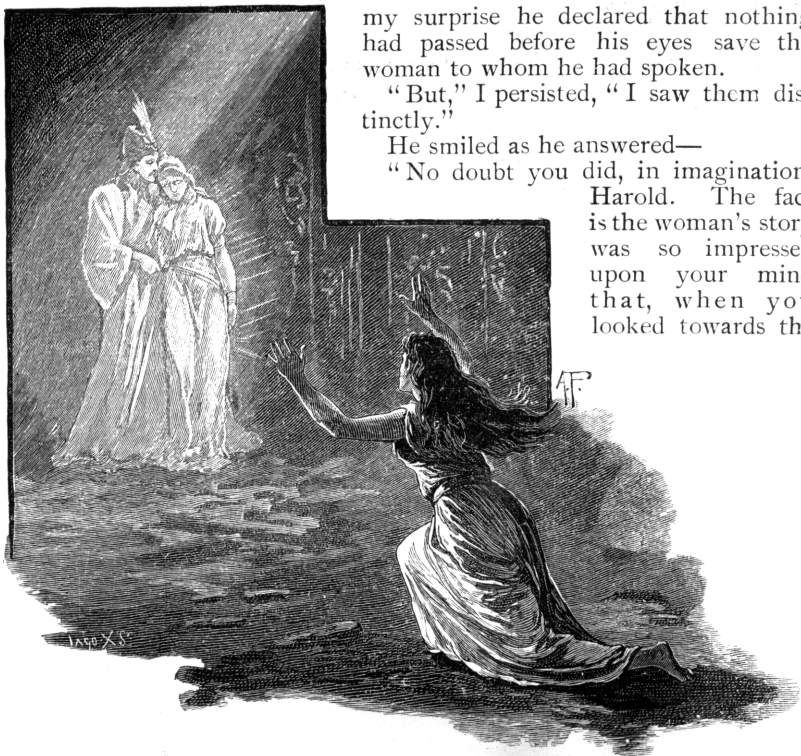
Our presence roused her, for she instantaneously started up, and, darting through the portal of the jasper gate, disappeared. We followed her at a headlong pace, and, after traversing the ruins of a stately palace, saw her flying in the distance before us at an almost incredible pace. At last we stopped, exhausted with our vain efforts to overtake her, and saw her mounting a fantastic ridge that stood out rugged and desolate against the starlit sky. Then she disappeared, and nothing remained to us but the recollection of her dreamy yet troubled face!

As we rested, before proceeding to attempt to find a way which might lead to where Hassan had camped, I asked Denviers again whether he thought the forms which I had seen were real. To my surprise he declared that nothing had passed before his eyes save the woman to whom he had spoken.

"But," I persisted, "I saw them distinctly."

He smiled as he answered—

"No doubt you did, in imagination, Harold. The fact is the woman's story was so impressed upon your mind that, when you looked towards the



"SHE FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES"

jasper arch, you expected to see such a vision —”

“And the falling star,” I interrupted, “was that imaginary, too?”

He turned towards me as he responded :

“No, you saw something then. What the true story of the cause of this woman's insanity may be, we are not likely to learn, but the explanation of the falling star, or rather shower of stars, is simple enough. On certain known days in each year the earth crosses the orbit of a stream of meteorites above here. When this occurs a shower of falling stars may be seen, and the woman has accustomed herself to connect a purely natural event with the highly imaginative reappearance of her lover. However, we have had a strange

adventure. I hope we shall soon find our way out of this valley.”

And, rising, we resumed our journey, and before long fortunately reached the spot where Hassan was encamped.

“Will the Englishmen forgive me?” he asked. “I could not speak to them of the one who, in a jealous moment, despoiled one kingdom of its prince and another of the queen who reigned over it.”

We made a suitable reply, and, entering the tent, worn out with the events of the night, sought repose amid the words of Hassan, in which he declared himself the dust of our feet, and expressed

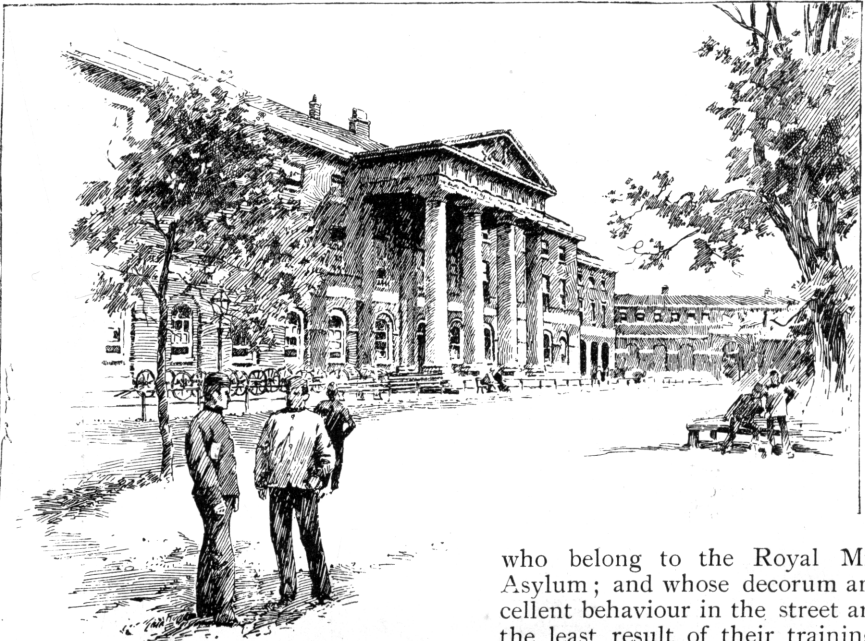
his determination to ask the felicities to abide with us for so readily forgiving him.



“KNEELING WITH CLASPED HANDS.”

## *Boy Soldiers and Sailors.*

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM.



HERE are various causes which combine to make the King's-road, Chelsea, one of the least agreeable thoroughfares of the Metropolis. From the æsthetic point of view also it can hardly be considered satisfactory. An endless succession of omnibuses, uninviting barrows, and squalid shops are the principal characteristics of the road, which is yet interesting to the stranger by reason of certain unique features inseparably associated with it. Tommy Atkins in his military splendours is a common enough and not invariably pleasing spectacle, but those fine fellows the Chelsea pensioners, with their gallant bearing, scarred faces, and maimed limbs, somehow arrest the attention of the most careless observer, and send his mind back to the roar of cannon and the smoke and slaughter of the battlefield, where so many of these heroes sounded the death-knell of their vigorous manhood. Not less interesting than the veterans who have gained their laurels and laid down their arms, are the little bright-faced, red-coated lads standing on the threshold of the fight,

who belong to the Royal Military Asylum; and whose decorum and excellent behaviour in the street are not the least result of their training and discipline within the walls of the big brick building, founded by the Duke of York during the long Napoleonic wars for the numerous orphaned children of soldiers. The Institution is now supported by Government, and feeds, clothes, and educates every year 550 boys between the ages of nine and fourteen, the sons or orphans of non-commissioned officers of good character. At fourteen the majority of the boys go into the regular army, chiefly into the Artillery and Engineers, either as collar-makers, smiths, clerks, or drummers. Owing to the splendid efficiency of the school band a large proportion enter the army band at once, and amongst the names of distinguished bandmasters who have been boys in the school are those of Lazarus and Thomas.

A record is kept of every lad who has passed through the school, and at the beginning of this year there were serving in the army 10 commissioned officers, 31 schoolmasters, 12 bandmasters, and 47 band sergeants, besides many others holding the grade of sergeant-major, master gunners, and so forth. In addition, out of 1,368 of the boys who have entered the service, only one has turned out badly,



whilst one has risen to the rank of Lieut.-General.

As we walk up to the school, a little group of boys in front of us gives us an opportunity of examining and admiring their smart turn-out. In the summer the lads wear blue uniforms, whilst in winter with the same blue trousers piped with scarlet, they have scarlet tunics, faced with dark blue, Glengarry caps piped with red, and stout well-shined Blucher shoes with straps.

We pass through the gate, and one of the two small sentries stationed there comes out of his little box and asks us, with an air of immense importance, what our business is. When I inform him we are concerned with the Commandant, he offers to escort us, and performs this action with the utmost politeness. There is one feature that strikes and impresses the stranger the instant he enters the Asylum, and remains with him throughout—more especially if he has had experience of other institutions—the freedom and absolute lack of repression that characterise its inmates. There is, of course, during work hours the severest military discipline, but the boys evince no timidity in saying what they think; and, even in the presence of the Commandant, there was none of that horrible intangible kind of terrorism which the authorities of these institutions frequently contrive to inspire in the breasts of the youthful persons in their care.

Thanks to the kindness of Colonel Fitzgerald, the Commandant, and Lieutenant Thomas, the Adjutant, I had ample opportunities given me of seeing the whole working of the school, and also of putting questions to the lads, who, so far as I could gather, have no possible cause of complaint. Their day's work commences early. At ten to six the gymnasium master rouses three boys, who dress, and then go into the courtyard and sound the *reveille* at three different points—north, south, and central—so that there is no fear of any sluggish failing to be aroused.

All the boys have rank of some kind, with definite military duties. On first arriving, the little fellow is a "private," and I fancy he is quite proud of this grade, until he learns how much better off corporals are, with pocket money for sweets and tarts. Privates are made up into companies of eighty boys, over which there are four acting lance-corporals.

The advantage of being an acting lance-

corporal consists in being entitled to one penny a week pocket-money, which comes in conveniently for one of the most important institutions of the Asylum in the eyes of the boys, viz., the tuck-shop. The acting lance-corporals wear a gold stripe on the right arm. Above them are lance-corporals, who get twopence a week, and also wear a gold stripe, and still higher are full corporals, or colour corporals, who get threepence a week, and wear two stripes and a crown. There is only one corporal to each company, so that it is a highly coveted



"THE TUCK SHOP."

post. Above the corporals are monitors, of whom there are seven. They are the boys who are kept on after fourteen to be trained as pupil teachers, and they ultimately go into the army, where they obtain excellent positions as schoolmasters, receiving, during a period of six months' probation, 2s. 6d. a day, and when duly qualified, 4s. 6d. a day. Finally, the whole company is under the command of a sergeant, who is a non-commissioned officer in the regular army.

Here a little chap in a blouse ran across the passage, and on his telling me that he was an orderly I followed him into the mess-room, where dinner operations were going on.

To see these little chaps—there are two orderlies to each mess—polishing up the mugs and cutting up huge portions of bread and cheese in the swiftest and deftest manner is most entertaining. As soon as everything is ready the bugle sounds, and a small drummer stations himself by the door and beats a tattoo. Then, at the word, "fall in," the boys file in two abreast, after which there is another tattoo for attention, grace is said, and, at the final drum-beat, the hungry boys fall to.

The day of my visit happened to be the one day of the week when there is no meat provided. Instead, were enormous lumps of bread and cheese—which the boys unmistakably appreciated, and which they despatched with more activity than grace—followed by portions of hot plum-pudding,

have taken part. During dinner there is much clattering of tongues and laughing, and it certainly adds to the lads' enjoyment that their meal is not partaken in silence.

Dinner over, the rest of the boys go out for a short play, whilst the small orderlies don their blouses, take away the things, and proceed to wash and burnish brightly the mugs, pewter dishes, and meat-tins. Their energy rather surprises you, till you are told that prizes are given for the smartest mess-table, and when you are further told that the prizes are tarts and pies, you understand the strength of the incentive.

What, perhaps, strikes the observer as much as anything else is the curious and interesting two-sidedness presented by the lads. During parade, gun drill, and duty



"THE SEWING ROOM."

which one little lad condescendingly invited me to taste, remarking, "Here's a plummy bit!" I could not discern a single portion which was not overrun and overwhelmed with plums, but anyway it was excellent to the taste. As the boys get Van Houten's cocoa for breakfast, meat and pudding every day but Friday for dinner, and bread and jam and milk for supper, they are tolerably well off in the matter of diet. The mess-room is a big, cheerful room, with arms and lances ranged upon the upper part of the walls, beneath which, on red scrolls, are engraved the names of Waterloo, Balaclava, Tel-el-Kebir, and other historic battles in which heroes who were trained inside the walls of the Asylum

generally, they are little automatons. Their prompt obedience, their precision, their self-control and discipline, astonish you, and you begin to wonder whether anything of the original boy-nature remains; but see them ten minutes later in the grounds playing rounders or cricket, or, better still, scrambling and fighting at the tuck-shop for possession of "monster" sticks—which, by the bye, are all examined first by the resident medical officer—and your fears vanish.

The little tuck-shop, bearing upon its front the fascinating words, is in a recess of one of the corridors, and is presided over by a capable dame, the wife of the gymnasium master, who takes a great interest in

the lads. She and the sewing-mistress and a sick-attendant are the only feminine elements of the Asylum, which is manned from Commandant to cook by the stronger sex.

After 3.30, when all book-work is over, the



boys either play games or do band exercise, sewing, or tailoring, the entire school being divided into halves, which alternately play and

work in the afternoons. In the sewing-room, in which were some fifty boys making flannel vests, and darning and repairing, we were able to delight the heart of the sewing-mistress by our enthusiastic and truthful praises of her pupils' work. Such wonderfully neat darns! It almost seems as if the fingers of the British boy, when trained, are more expert than those of his sister. From the sewing-room we went to the tailoring-room, which is under the superintendence of a master. There was an unconventionality and freedom here which delighted us. The boys sat on benches in their flannel shirts, whilst several had dispensed with more indispensable garments. One small boy, whom our artist was lucky enough to catch, was energetically ironing his trousers, having meanwhile artistically draped himself in a leather apron. There is a fas-

cinating little kit-bag with which each boy is provided; it is a tiny little arrangement holding a needle and a thimble, whilst cotton is served out by the master, I suppose with a view of its not being squandered by ingeniously reckless boys. At the top of the room one little fellow was working a sewing machine, and all the children were merrily plying the needle with relaxation in the shape of subdued conversation. Perhaps more actual enjoyment in their labours was evinced downstairs in the big play-room by the band of musicians, whose energies were set on mastering intricacies of drum and fife. The sound of

fifty learners operating on fifes and wooden pads covered with leather, which do duty for drums, made our stay rather shorter than it would otherwise have been; and we were fain to acknowledge, as we lingered for a moment watching the absurdly small players energetically puffing away, that the drum and fife band seemed to require distance and atmosphere to make it pleasant to the ear.

Leaving these bright, healthy looking youngsters, we pay a visit to the pale-faced invalids upstairs who are in hospital. Most of the patients who are convalescent, clad in long grey-blue flannel coats, are amusing themselves in the day-room with books and draughts, whilst the sick boys in the spotless white and blue quilt beds appear to be suffering from nothing much



"THE DRUM AND FIFE BAND."

worse than colds and coughs. The authorities justly pride themselves on their high standard of health.

well be made briefer, and, what is still more important, the sermons should be at least specially written and adapted for the



The purely military side of the Asylum is best seen on Sundays, when the miniature red-coats are put through their weekly inspection and drill. The little army, extra-well groomed, and washed, and shined, as regards cheeks and boots, assembles on parade ground at ten o'clock at the sound of "church call" by the drums and fifes, and is disposed in companies, with sergeants in cocked hats in front, whilst the recruits are behind. The real band boys, in their scarlet and gold coats, who are a little way off, strike up a charming march, and a moment later a clanking is heard, and up comes the Commandant, followed by his Adjutant, in full military splendour. A severe inspection then takes place, followed by drill, gun practice, and finally a double-breasted march into chapel, in all of which—on the authority of a distinguished military witness—the boys compare very advantageously with the Regular Army.

After the last salute has been given, and the martial tramp of hundreds of sturdy feet has died away, we follow into the pretty little chapel, whose pale olive-green walls and columns form an effective background to the scarlet glory of the "sons of the brave."

The chapel service is the one note in the whole Institution which jarred upon me and struck me as a little out of tune. To begin with, as the congregation practically consists of boys, the service might

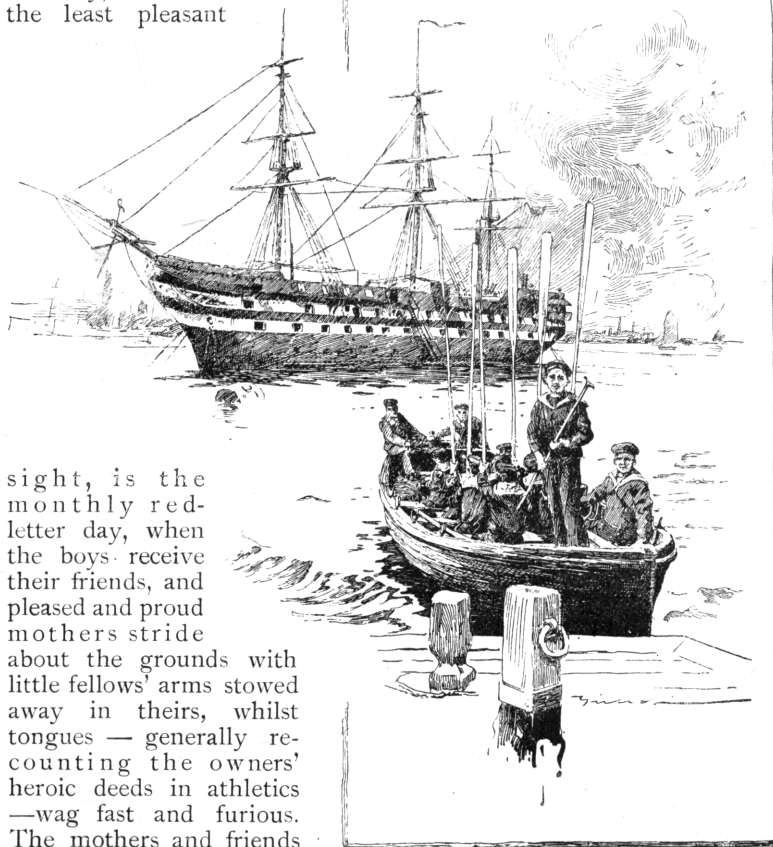
lads. As one listened to the lengthy discourse, it was impossible not to think what a magnificent opportunity the preacher lost. Here, Sunday after Sunday, at the most impressionable moment of their lives, come five hundred boys—solemn, silent, and reverent, and precisely in the mood to be impressed and influenced—who, a few years hence, will be taking part in that struggle for which the strongest and best cannot be too well equipped. Rightly conceived, it would be almost impossible to over-estimate the influence that a religious teacher with insight could exercise over the plastic characters and futures of these lads, sitting so still and attentive, as the light streams through the windows upon the solemn boyish faces, and casts golden aureoles round the fair heads. Whether it was the stern eye of the sergeant or fear of being deprived of the stripe which entitles them to the privilege of going out alone on Saturday afternoon, I know not; but their immovable calm excited not only my admiration but my envy, when I found myself less successful in suppressing yawns.

My interesting visit to the Asylum was concluded by a sight of the fire-escape at work, a fire having been especially requisitioned for my benefit, much to the delight of the boys, who regarded the whole matter as a huge joke, encouraging the lucky ones who were chosen to descend the canvas cylinder with cries of "Come down head

first." On the whole, however, I was not particularly impressed with the efficiency of the amateur firemen, though there was no denying their zeal.

Lastly, but not the least pleasant

untried and doubtful experiments. The training-ship lying some way off Woolwich



THE "WARSPITE."

sight, is the monthly red-letter day, when the boys receive their friends, and pleased and proud mothers stride about the grounds with little fellows' arms stowed away in theirs, whilst tongues — generally recounting the owners' heroic deeds in athletics — wag fast and furious. The mothers and friends are very rightly thankful for their good fortune, and indeed, if companionship, habits of order, decency, and industry, and healthy surroundings mean anything good, then the little lads of the Duke of York's School are to be congratulated.

What is being done for our future army at Chelsea is also being carried out for the navy on a smaller scale aboard the training-ship *Warspite*, with, however, one essential difference. At the State-supported institution in Chelsea there is no lack of funds, whilst the *Warspite*, which relies entirely on voluntary subscriptions, is, in common with so many other philanthropic undertakings, suffering from the loss of subscriptions and donations, which during the last year have been diverted in favour of

sible to believe that not one of the boys had undergone more than nine months' training. This is, however, the case.

The boys, all of whom, though of good character, are destitute, are only admitted between the ages of 13 and 16, and are only kept on the *Warspite* for nine months, after which they are drafted into the navy or the merchant service.

On the day of my visit a batch of boys, many of whom had been taken from the streets, were having their first meal. They had all been washed, combed, and put into their new togs, which they wore with a mingled air of pride and embarrassment. About many of them there was a noticeably hungry expression, which made one rejoice

Pier is a big three-decker, which in former days, as the *Conqueror*, saw a good deal of active service. As soon as we were sighted a boat manned by a crew of twelve little tars put off to fetch us, and as they approached the landing stage, giving us a proper naval salute, we had an opportunity of admiring the smart and steady way with which they pulled together, and on reaching alongside the training-ship, "tossed" and "laid down" oars. All the decks, as bright and neat as possible, were full of small, barefooted blue-jackets intent upon their different naval duties; and, watching their expertness at knotting, splicing, going aloft, &c., it was almost impos-





A PARADE ON DECK.

to think that for some months, at any rate, they would have good and regular meals. In connection with the subject of diet, which consists of beef or mutton and potatoes for

dinner, cocoa, bread, and pork for breakfast, and tea and biscuits for the third meal, I asked one jolly, rosy-cheeked little tar whether he was satisfied with his victuals. He answered with the most tremendous gravity, as "how" there was "just one thing" which he must "complain about."

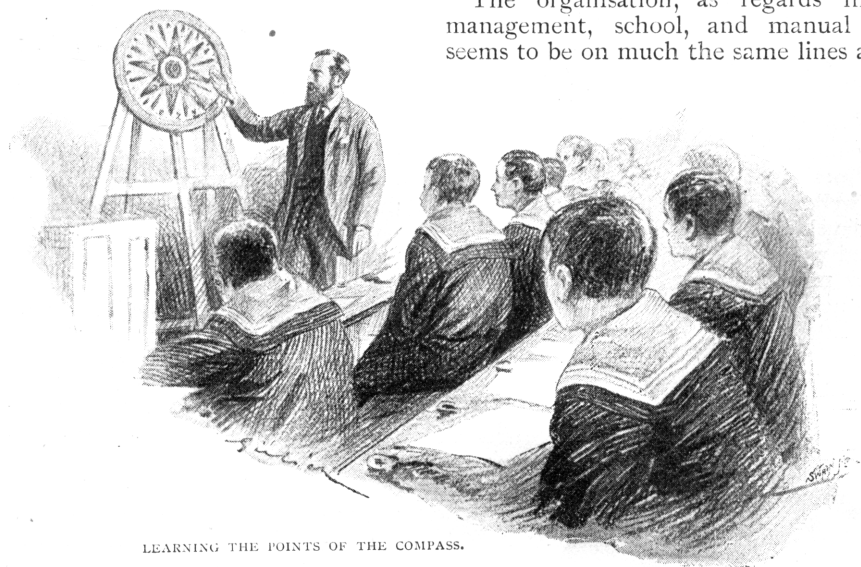
"What's that?" I asked, "don't you get enough?"

"Yes, quite enough," was the tragic reply, "but the boys ought to have dripping on their biscuit twice a week, and we don't always get it once!"

Poor little chaps, one can

well understand that after a time ship's biscuits, which may be very wholesome, though somewhat lacking in flavour and succulency, are likely to pall, and be much more grateful to a boy's palate when accompanied by the more insidious dripping.

The organisation, as regards internal management, school, and manual work, seems to be on much the same lines as that

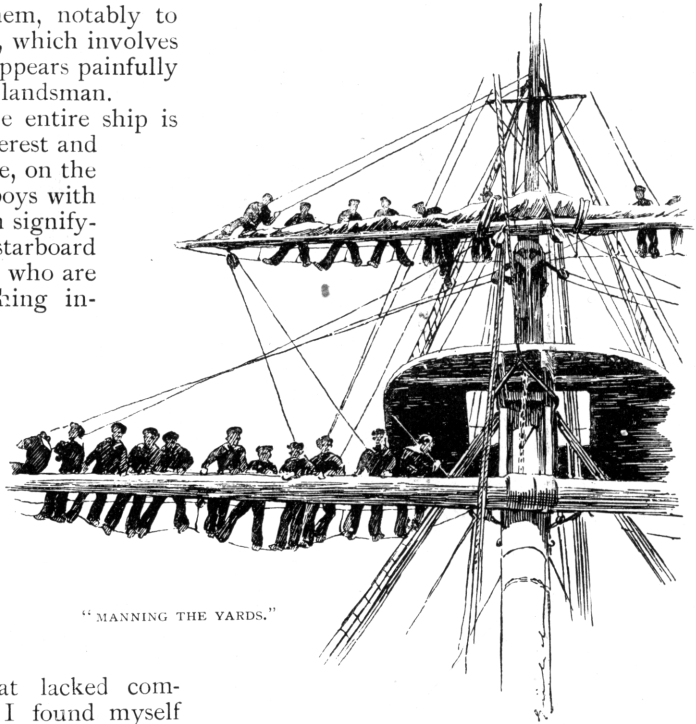


LEARNING THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

which prevails at the Military Asylum : half the day being devoted to school, whilst the remainder is occupied with swimming—which is the first accomplishment taught every boy—managing small boats, and the practical part of seamanship generally. In school, too, the boys give special attention to the subjects which will be afterwards useful to them, notably to the mastery of the compass, which involves three months' study, and appears painfully complex to the uninitiated landsman.

During the afternoon the entire ship is a scene of the greatest interest and activity. Here, for instance, on the main deck is a long row of boys with red stripes on the right arm signifying they belong to the starboard half of the ship's company, who are having bending and hitching instruction, or knot-making. In front of them are long poles and great lengths of rope, with which they will make you the most wonderful knots in the deffest manner imaginable. Although a little boy did some of the operations with condescending slowness (his verbal instructions consisted of "see 'ere" at intervals, which somewhat lacked comprehensiveness of detail), I found myself quite unable to grasp the mysteries of "clove hitch," "turk's head," "bowline," "running bowline," "swab hitch," and a variety of other ingenious knots with curious-sounding names. I was glad to cover my stupidity by a retreat to the upper deck, where dumb-bell drill was going on, the boys being arranged in two long lines. The dumb-bell exercises, which, as is well known, have a marked effect on the development of the muscles, are performed with beautiful precision to quick, bright music played by the band ; and, bringing out all the curves and lines of the lads' little bodies, are very effective and graceful. After this, "man the yards" was piped, whereupon a swarm of boys with the agility of monkeys climbed the rigging, and went through a variety of nautical operations with remarkable neatness and skill. Then I paid a visit to the big hold of the ship, where I found a smart little captain of the hold, whose business it is to

keep clean and bright the tanks and machinery, and who is the recipient of 6d. a week for his energetic efforts. Then I went along to the store-room, where all the linen is kept, and here the youthful store superintendent told me that on admission each boy gets an extensive outfit,



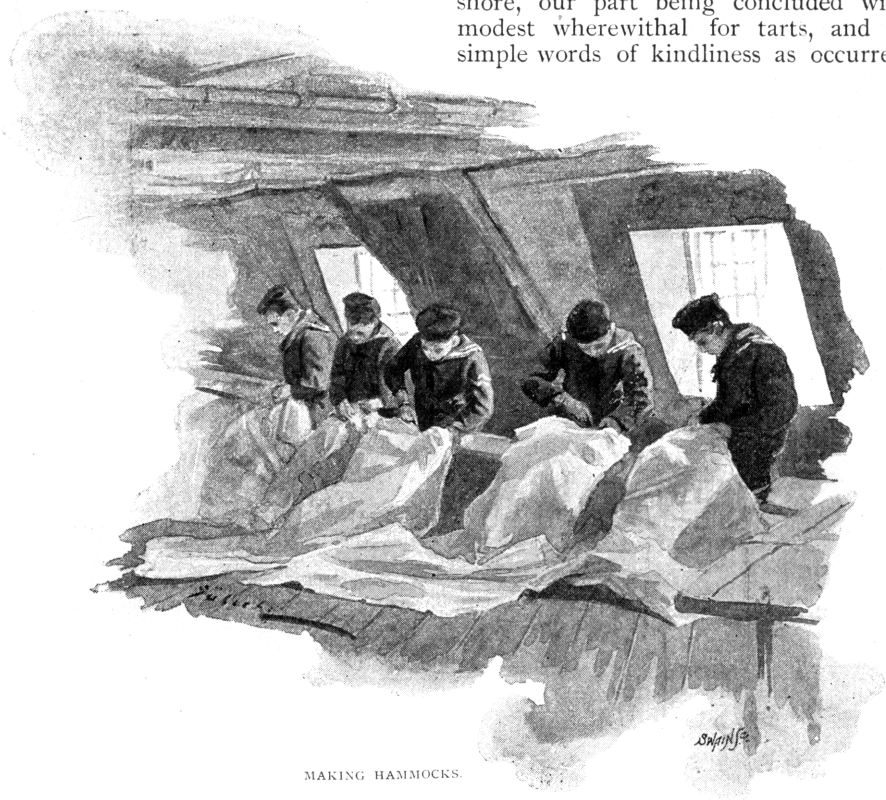
"MANNING THE YARDS."

including, in addition to two suits and a number of other necessities, a pair of mittens, a blue comforter, and an extra jacket, pair of trousers, south-wester, and knife when he goes to sea.

An exciting incident terminated our visit in the shape of a fire, which was conducted in so realistic a manner, and with such deadly earnestness on the part of the nautical firemen, that for a moment we felt positively terrified, and began to cast about our chances of getting off. As we stood on the lower deck a bell was rung, at the sound of which the entire crew assembled round us. The captain in half a dozen incisive words then stated that the fire was in the "galley." No directions were given ; each lad knew exactly how to act, and carried out his special duty, which he had been told off for and practised from the moment he set foot on the ship, with a coolness and promptness which were ample

evidence of their magnificent training. We followed to the "galley" above, and found (barely a couple of minutes had elapsed) that six fire hoses were already at work, every pump was in action, and the imaginary flames, which were supposed to have originated from some cinders falling

*Warspite* and the British Navy. In the swiftly vanishing sunset, of which there was still enough of orange and crimson to throw great patches of bright colour on the wood-bearing barges and the huge black towers lining each side of the river, our little crew brought us back safely to shore, our part being concluded with a modest wherewithal for tarts, and such simple words of kindness as occurred to



MAKING HAMMOCKS.

out of the stove, well under control. From beginning to end there was not the smallest mistake or confusion or uncertainty, and if in the hour of real peril these gallant miniature sailors keep as cool and disciplined, they will be a credit and honour to the

us. Will not all the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* echo our wish—that these brave little bluejackets may make prosperous voyages, and get safely into sunny harbours where kind eyes and hearts are waiting to welcome them.

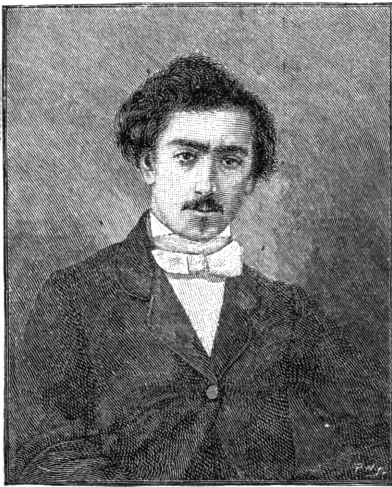
## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

BORN 1833



R. PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON was born at Poitiers, his father being the Rev. Juan Calderon, and received his artistic education chiefly in the *atelier* of M. Picot, at Paris, where he was a student at the age at which



From a [ ] AGE 18. [Daguerreotype.

he is represented in the first portrait of this series.

At the age of twenty he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, his first picture being *By Babylon's Waters*. At thirty-one—which is the age at which the second of our portraits represents him—he was elected A.R.A., his promotion to the honour of R.A. following only three years later, in 1867, in which year he received at the Paris International Exhibition the first medal awarded to any English painter.

In 1878 he was one of the English artists selected to exhibit an extra number of works at the Paris Exhibition of that year, and at the close of the Exhibition received again a first-class medal and was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.



From a Photo. by Watkins,] AGE 31. [Parliament-street, W.

Since that time he has always been fully represented at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, his works cover-



From a Photo. by] AGE 58. [Window & Grove.

ing almost every department of painting, whether portrait, realistic, historical, or imaginative.



From a] AGE 9 MONTHS. [Drawing.

EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.

BORN 1836.

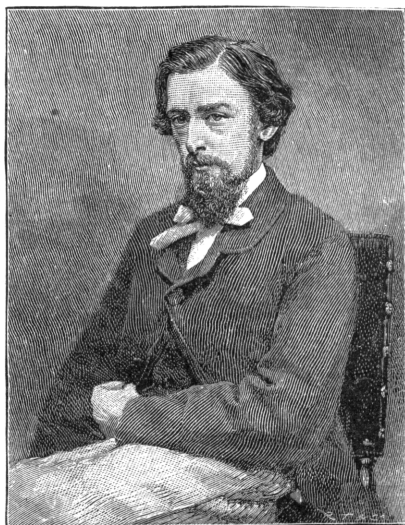


R. ED. JOHN POYNTER was born at Paris, his father being

Mr. Ambrose Poynter, the architect. He was educated at Westminster School and at Ipswich Grammar School; he studied art in the Royal Academy schools until he was 20, and afterwards for three years under Gleyre at Paris. He then settled in London, and at 26 exhibited his first Academy picture. It was, however, in 1867 that he made his reputation



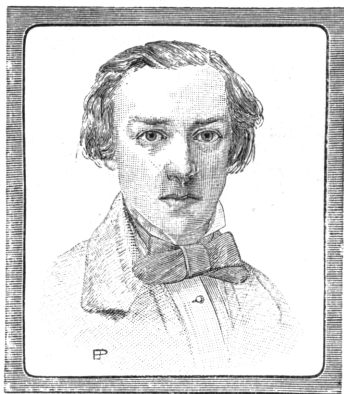
AGE 52.  
From Portraits by himself in the Uffizi Gallery.



AGE 30.  
From a Photo, by the London School of Photography.

by his picture "Israel in Egypt." Two years later he was elected A.R.A.; in 1876 he was made R.A. From 1871 to 1876 he was Slade Professor of Art at University College. He published in 1879 his well-known volume entitled "Ten Lectures on Art." Most of his finest pictures are based on classical subjects, such as "Atalanta's Race" and "A Visit to Æsculapius;" the latter

of which, purchased out of the Chantrey fund, is one of the most successful classical pictures of the present day.

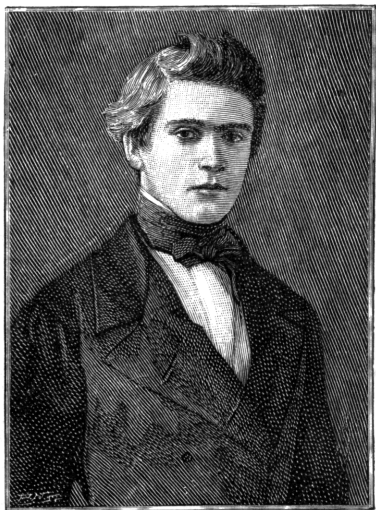


AGE 19.  
From a Drawing by himself.



AGE 45.  
From a Photo, by Bassano.





From a] AGE 18. [Daquerotype.

## HERMANN VEZIN.

BORN 1829.

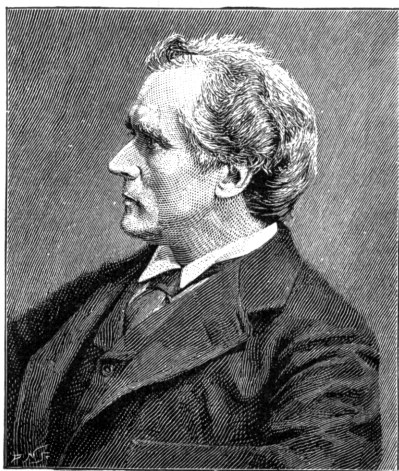


R. HERMANN VEZIN was born at Philadelphia, where his father was a merchant, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, where he took his degree at eighteen, at which age our first



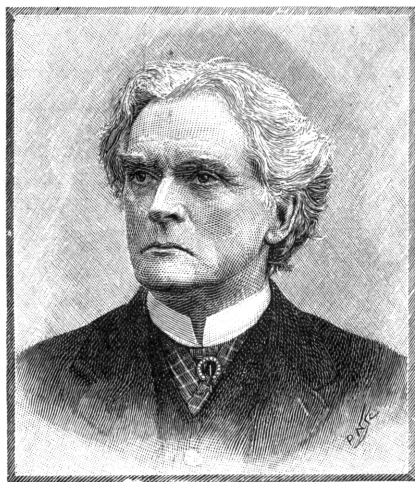
From a] AGE 28. [Photograph.

portrait represents him. He was intended for the legal profession, but, desiring to become an actor, he came to England, and made his first appearance in 1850 at the Theatre Royal, York. His advancement was so rapid that a year later he was playing



From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Elliott & Fry.

leading parts in the provinces, and again a year later made his appearance on a London stage, under Charles Kean at the Princess's. Since that time his triumphs on the stage have been innumerable, the most conspicuous being, perhaps, *James Harebell* in the "Man o' Airlie," *Percy Pendragon* in



From a Photo. by] AGE 62. [Barrauld.

"Married in Haste," *Macbeth*, *Iago*, *Dan'l Druce*, and *Dr. Primrose*. As a declaimer of English he has no superior, and his acting always appeals to the most cultured portion of his audiences.

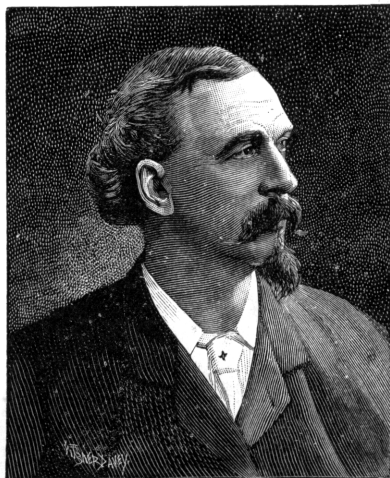


From a Photo. by]

AGE 27.

[Mora, New York.

parts in "Robert the Devil," "The Huguenots," "William Tell," and Verdi's "Aida." He also accompanied Adelina Patti on her tour through Russia in the early part of 1870, when both these eminent performers were received with a most enthusiastic welcome. In the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and at Birmingham and other provincial festivals, he has appeared with great success. In fact, since 1866 he has constantly been before the British public,



From a Photo. by]

AGE 43.

[Chancellor, Dublin.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 35.

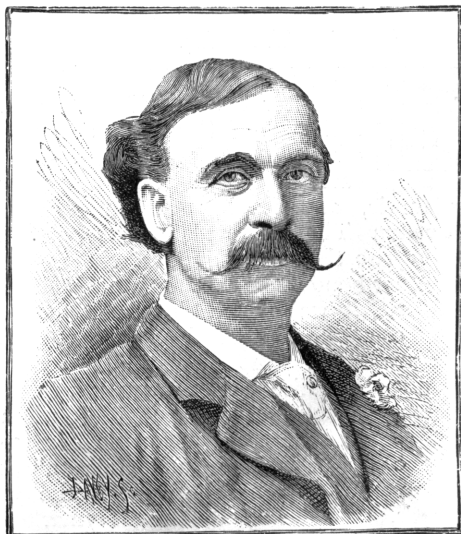
[Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

with whom his fine voice and splendid style of declamation have rendered him a special favourite. Signor Foli has, indeed, with the exception, perhaps, of Edouard de Reszké, the finest bass voice of modern times.

### SIGNOR FOLI.



HIS celebrated bass singer first made his appearance in Italy in 1865, and, owing to his great success, was engaged by M. Bagier for the Italian Opera in Paris, and subsequently came to London. He was then engaged by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, after which he appeared at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, being cast for all the leading bass



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Van der Veyde.



AGE 13.

*From a Photo. by Mondel & Jacob, Wiesbaden.*



AGE 10.

*From a Photo. by Fradelle, Cheapside.*



*From a Photo. by*

AGE 19.

*[W. Terry.]*

## MISS JULIA NEILSON (MRS. FRED TERRY).

**M**ISS JULIA NEILSON is the daughter of Mr. Alexander R. Neilson, of Scotland, and was educated at Wiesbaden. She early displayed a striking gift for music, and, having carried off the Llewellyn Thomas medal, the Sainton Dolby prize, the Westmoreland scholarship, and other honours at the London Academy of Music, it was natural that she should have been at first intended to follow music as a profession. She displayed, however, so much promise as an actress on the amateur dramatic stage that in 1888, when at the age of nineteen, she made her appearance in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Lyceum. Thence she went to the St. James's, and finally to the Haymarket, where she has remained ever since.



*From a Photo. by*

PRESENT DAY.

*[Lafayette, Dublin.]*

AGE 23.



From a Pencil Drawing  
by R. Cholmondeley.



AGE 27.

From a Miniature on Ivory by C. Cousins.



AGE 47.

From a Photo. by Whitlock,  
Birmingham.



# SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

BORN 1827.



HE RIGHT HON. SIR  
WILLIAM GEORGE  
GRANVILLE VEN-  
ABLES VERNON  
HARCOURT, M.P.,

AGE 37.

From a Photo. by Sarony.

Q.C., is the second son of the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt and grandson of the late Archbishop of York. He was educated at Trinity, Cambridge, where he took high honours at the age of 24. He was called to the bar three years later, and wrote his well-known letters to *The Times* over the signature "Historicus." He was made Q.C. at 39. Two years later he was elected as Liberal member for Oxford. In 1873 he was appointed Solicitor-General and knighted. In 1886 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by Mr. Gladstone, of whose policy he is well known as one of the most powerful advocates.



AGE 64.

From a Photo by Alex. Bassano.



## *"There's Many a Slip."*

BY ANNIE L. COGHILL.



UST draw your chair round a little; I know there's a draught on that side. I did intend at one time to have it cured in some way, but it does not much matter now.

I'll have a screen put round your corner to-morrow. Mine is comfortable enough."

This was said to me one winter evening by my cousin John Elder, as we sat on each side of the fire in his particularly cosy dining-room, where the table, with its lamp, flowers, and dessert, had been drawn up to an easy distance from our hands. John was sipping port, and I was cracking nuts, for which, in spite of my years, I have an abiding affection; and behind my chair was the door from which might, but did not, come the draught. John was speaking of.

John is an elderly gentleman, a bachelor, very well off, very comfortable, and very popular, but still rather mysteriously a bachelor, because he has always liked and been liked by women. I am an elderly lady, a widow, and John and I have been warm friends all our lives. The reason why I was sitting beside John's dining-room fire was that I had come to pay him a visit, and, as there were

no other guests in the house, it was much more sensible for me to stay and talk with him while he enjoyed his after-dinner ease than to go away by myself into the drawing-room.

"There is no draught," I said, "none at present, I am sure. But there may be when the wind is north, and a screen would make all safe."

"Yes," he answered musingly, as he looked at the wine he had just poured out, "a screen would do, but I did think once



"YES," HE ANSWERED MUSINGLY.

of altering the door, making really a good job of it. I planned that with other alterations."



"And the plans were never carried out?" I asked, after I had waited a moment to see if he would say more. "Well, I suppose I know when they were made, but I never did quite understand why they came to nothing."

"No," he answered. "I don't think anybody knew but ourselves. It was my fault—certainly, it was all my fault."

He stopped, but I thought he was not disinclined to go on, and I was curious. Indeed, there had been an episode in John's life about which we had all been curious; and, though it was a good while past, I still felt I should like to know. So I said,

"I fancied it had been Miss Woodroffe's doing?"

"I said it was my *fault*," he answered. "I did not say it was my *doing*."

"Oh!" I answered rather blankly, and there was a silence.

Then John gave a little laugh, half ridicule of himself, I thought, and half ruefulness for the story that was in his mind.

"I may as well tell you all about it," he said. "You are not likely to tell it to any of the young ones, and it certainly was an odd way of losing one's promised wife. You'll see that she was not to blame."

I saw now that I was in for the story, whatever it might be, the catastrophe of which had left John a bachelor; so I settled myself in my chair, put my feet more comfortably on my footstool, and laid down the nut-crackers.

"Well," he said, "I daresay you remember that I have always been much fonder of seeing my friends in my own house than of going elsewhere for society. I don't suppose I've dined out ten times in the last ten years; and ten years ago I disliked doing it almost as much

as I do now. Only I wasn't quite such an old fogey, and I believe I had some vague idea of marrying. The difficulty was that I had never seen exactly the right woman, and very naturally I wasn't nearly so keen about finding her as I had been twenty years before that. It is just ten years now since I met Miss Woodroffe."

"Yes," I said, "I remember it is about ten years since I heard of her."

"The only house where I ever cared to dine in those days was Joddrell's, and I used to go there about once for every four times they asked me. One evening in September I went there much against my will. Joddrell had promised me that I should meet some old friends, but when I arrived there was not one present but strangers, and nearly all the party were young people. Fancy asking me to meet a roomful of young people! It wasn't until dinner was announced that I saw the lady I was to take in; then Joddrell led me into a corner of the drawing-room, and introduced me to Miss Woodroffe, a friend of his wife's."

John stopped a little here, and I fancied



"MISS WOODROFFE."

he was trying to find words in which to describe Miss Woodroffe. If that were so, he did not succeed. After a minute he went on again, without attempting to give me any portraiture of the heroine of his story.

"Upon my word, Mary, I can't tell how it happened. All I know is that she was the most charming woman I ever saw in my life. We talked a great deal during dinner, and we talked a great deal after dinner; and the more she talked, and the more I looked at her, the more I thought with disgust of my solitary existence. Somehow or other, before I got up next morning I had made up my mind that I would try to persuade her to become my wife. All this, of course, is very commonplace; plenty of men, I suppose, even some men of fifty-five, must have had the same sort of experience. Now comes the part of the story which I think must belong to me alone. Do you remember how, years ago, I persuaded you to let me send some of your handwriting to a lady who professed to know all about the people whose writing she was allowed to examine? I sent yours and some others; do you remember?"

"Yes," I answered, "I remember very well; and we thought the characters sent back were wonderfully true."

"We did," said John emphatically, "and that was the mischief of it. Some time after that I had a housekeeper whom I suspected of cheating me, and I sent a note of hers to Miss Harris by way of clearing up my opinion of her. Miss Harris wrote back that she was civil and plausible, but not to be trusted; and sure enough after a time I detected her in downright robbery. Upon my word, Mary, if I did believe in Miss Harris, I had good reason, and I'm not so very sure yet that she doesn't deserve to be believed in. Well, now, what do you think I did? I determined to get a note from Miss Woodroffe, and send it to Miss Harris, before I took another step in the affair. Miss Woodroffe, as it happened, was to stay at the Joddrells' for two or three weeks; and before a week was over I had managed to get a note of two or three lines from her. This I sent to Miss Harris, and I can show you the answer I received."

Here John took from his pocket a letter-case, or pocket-book, from which, after some turning over of the papers it contained, he drew out a much-worn letter, and handed it to me. It began: "The handwriting of the note, of which you have requested

my opinion, is a very remarkable one; it expresses in the strongest degree the qualities of a noble and refined character. The writer has a clear brain, an affectionate heart, and great rectitude of mind; she talks well, and neither too much nor too little." There was a good deal more in the same style, describing such a paragon of our sex that I really felt an inch or two taller for the reading of it.

"If Miss Woodroffe was all that," I said, "I can't imagine how you ever let her go."

"She was," he answered; "at any rate, I have no reason to doubt it."

He put the paper back in its place, and went on:—

"I think I may say that I lost no time after that. She was friendly from the beginning. About four weeks after our first meeting I asked her to marry me, and she said 'Yes.' Upon my word, Mary, if I had been twenty-five instead of fifty-five, I don't think I could have been happier. She was just going away from the Joddrells', and before she went I told her all about Miss Harris, and what a thorough belief I had in her skill. Miss Woodroffe laughed at me, but unfortunately I was quite convinced that my belief was well founded, and quite determined to persuade her to think so too.

"She went away, and of course I wrote to her. In one of my first letters I sent her the one I have just shown you, and I begged her to send my handwriting also to Miss Harris for her own satisfaction. You see I felt quite safe in doing this, because the description of me which had been sent at the time, you remember, had been rather flattering. On that occasion Miss Harris had declared that I 'was of an amiable temper, liberal but trustworthy.' I remember the words well, and I thought it could do me nothing but good if such an account of me found its way to Miss Woodroffe.

"What fools people are! The woman was a rank impostor, of course, as I found afterwards to my cost, and as I ought to have known then, but I did really believe in her. Could you have guessed it?"

"Well, no," I answered, "I really don't think I should have believed it—only you know, John, you shrewd men can be so dreadfully credulous. Why, I remember a friend of my husband's who doubted everything, and yet he believed in Madame Blavatsky."

John grunted. He did not seem to like



"I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME."

the comparison, which was foolish of him, poor fellow.

"She said," he went on, "that she could trust her own judgment, and did not want anybody else's. That might have satisfied anybody, but it did not satisfy me. I wrote again, and begged her to do as I wished, telling her about the housekeeper. At last she wrote that she had done to please me what she never would have done for herself, and she said: 'I suppose you expect me to abide by whatever Miss Harris may say.'

"Do you know that those words gave me a fright. I had never doubted till then that Miss Harris would give just the same character of me as she had done before, and also I had only thought of it as giving me more value to Miss Woodroffe. I got

nervous after I heard she had really consulted the Sibyl, and two days later I received these."

He turned over his pocket-book again and handed to me two papers, sinking back in his chair after he had done so with a gesture that said, "You have the catastrophe and its results before you."

I opened one of the papers, and literally I opened it with trembling fingers. There was something tragical in poor John's gesture, and in the emptiness and silence of the house. My eyes fell upon a sheet of paper, half covered with a neat, legible handwriting, the words of which were much as follows:—

"This writing belongs to a person of singularly impulsive and eager temperament, easily carried away by the feeling of

the moment; very uncertain and unreliable, sadly inconsistent, without fixed purpose or deliberate judgment; not wanting in ability, but only in the power to apply it usefully; careless of money, but scarcely to be called generous; not altogether free from vanity, his temper is very irritable and passionate. . . ."

There was more, but a sigh from John—poor John! the most faithful and generous of friends, and the most steady-going of mortals—made me drop the sheet and take up the other.

This was a very short note:—

"DEAR MR. ELDER,—  
You insisted that I should consult Miss Harris, and trust her verdict on your character rather than my

own. What that is you will see by the enclosed, and I am sure you cannot wonder that I dare not marry the man described. I am sending back your presents and letters by next post. With most sincere wishes for your happiness,

"Yours truly,

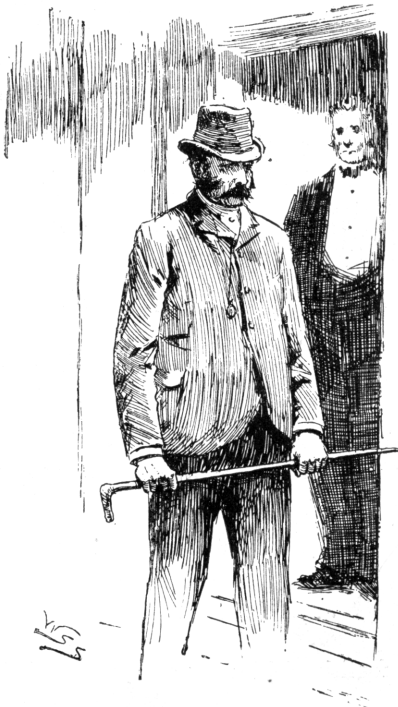
"LOUISA WOODROFFE."

"Oh, John!" I said, when I had read this, "but she could not have meant it."

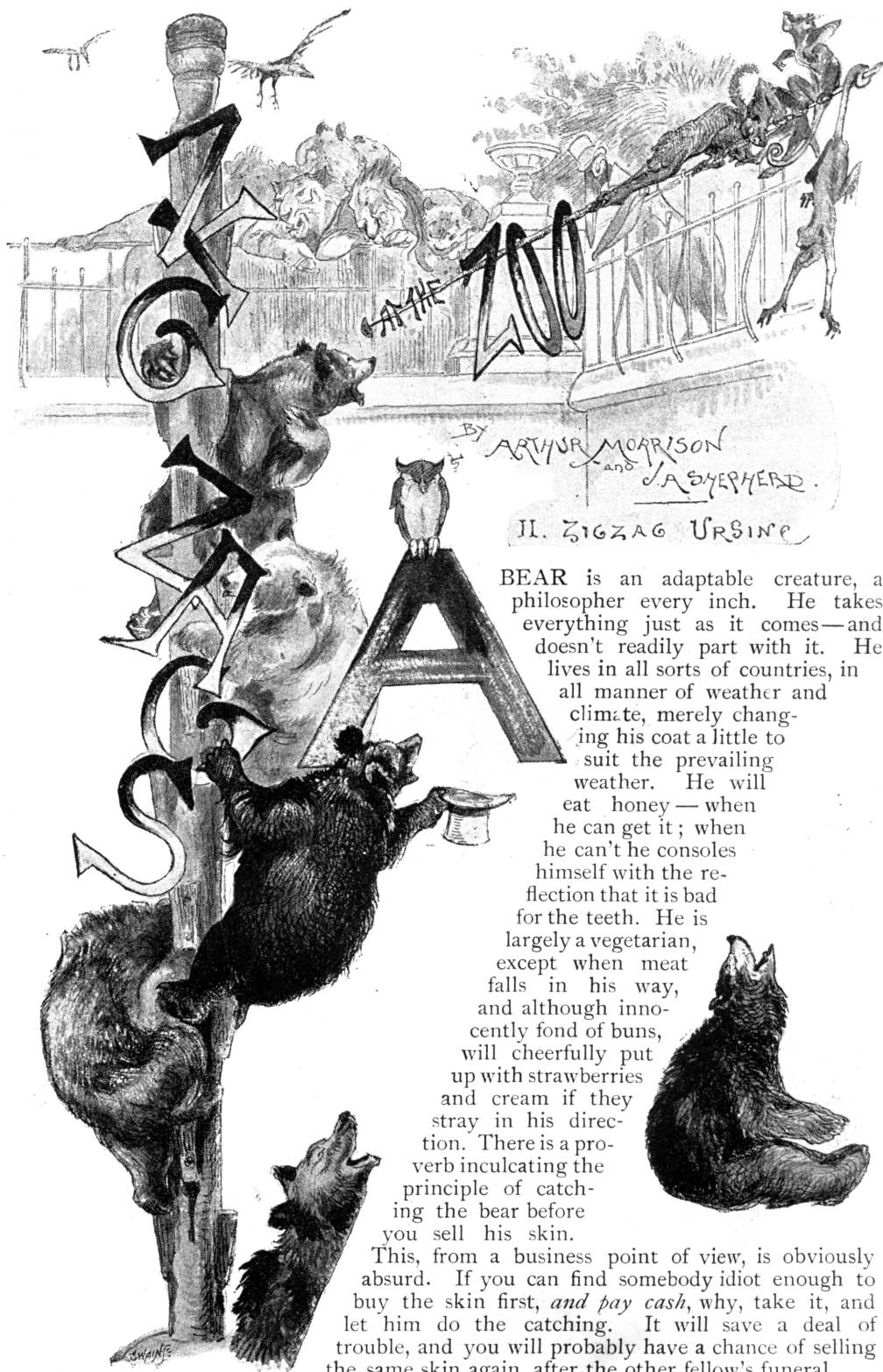
"She meant it so thoroughly that when I got to her mother's house in London, the very evening of the day I received it, they

were both gone abroad, and I have not so much as seen her from that time to this."

So that was why the dining-room door was never altered.



"THEY WERE BOTH GONE ABROAD."



## II. ZIGZAG URSINE

BEAR is an adaptable creature, a philosopher every inch. He takes everything just as it comes—and doesn't readily part with it. He lives in all sorts of countries, in all manner of weather and climate, merely changing his coat a little to suit the prevailing weather. He will eat honey—when he can get it; when he can't he consoles himself with the reflection that it is bad for the teeth. He is largely a vegetarian, except when meat falls in his way, and although innocently fond of buns, will cheerfully put up with strawberries and cream if they stray in his direction. There is a proverb inculcating the principle of catching the bear before you sell his skin.

This, from a business point of view, is obviously absurd. If you can find somebody idiot enough to buy the skin first, and pay cash, why, take it, and let him do the catching. It will save a deal of trouble, and you will probably have a chance of selling the same skin again, after the other fellow's funeral.



The bear is indeed a very respectable beast, as beasts go. And he certainly is respected in some quarters. Both

the North American Indians and the Lapps reverence him too much even to mention his name in conversation; with them he is "the old man in the fur cloak" or "the destroyer." Indeed, it seems reasonable to feel a certain respect for an animal which can knock the top of your head off with a blow of his paw; but both the Indians and the Lapps carry their respect a little too far. To kill a bear

and then humbly apologise to the dead body, as they do, is adding insult to injury, especially if you dine off the injured party immediately afterward. Neither is it likely to propitiate Bruin if a dozen men, while prodding him vigorously with a dozen spears, express their regret

for the damage they are doing, and hope that he'll pardon the liberty. All this they do in sober earnest, and even go so far as to prefer a polite request that he won't hurt

them. If he ever accede to this, it is probably because he is confused by the contemplation of such



colossal "cheek." All this is galling enough, though otherwise intended, but contumely reaches its climax when dinner comes on. It would be annoying enough to the shade of the departed gentleman in fur to hear that he made a capital joint, or the reverse; still, it is what might be expected. But this sort of thing they studiously refrain from saying. They talk with enthusiasm of the poor bear's high moral qualities—often inventing them for the occasion, it is to be feared—and, presumably talking at his ghost, tell each other that it was most considerate and indulgent of him to let them kill him so easily. Now this is worse than laying on insult with a trowel; it is piling it on with a shovel, and rubbing it in with a brick.

Contact with man ruins the respectability of the bear. He gets dissipated and raffish,

and appears in the dock at police-courts. He associates with low companions—unclean-looking foreigners—who bang him sorely about the ribs with sticks to make him dance. They keep him badly, and he grows bony and mangy. He retaliates upon them by getting loose, frightening people, and breaking things. Then, when he is brought before a magistrate, they have to pay his fine. Sometimes they get into prison over him. The end is always the same—a bear who begins by associating with these people always turns up at the police-court before long, and once there, he comes again and again—just in the manner of the old offenders at Marlborough-



IN THE POLICE-COURT.



SENTENCED.

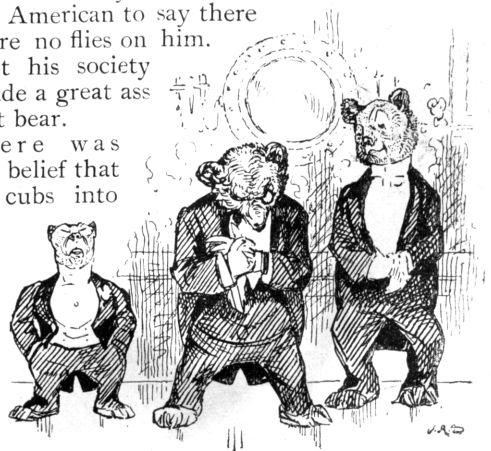
street. Even in the innocent old times, when Bidpai wrote (or plagiarised) his fables, association with man made a fool of a bear. Witness the fable of the gardener's bear, who, zealous about a fly on his master's face, brought a paw upon it with all his force, and knocked off an indispensable piece of the worthy gardener's head. There is nothing whatever recorded against that gardener's character; he probably lived a most exemplary life, and won prizes at all the prehistoric horticultural shows in India—although it might

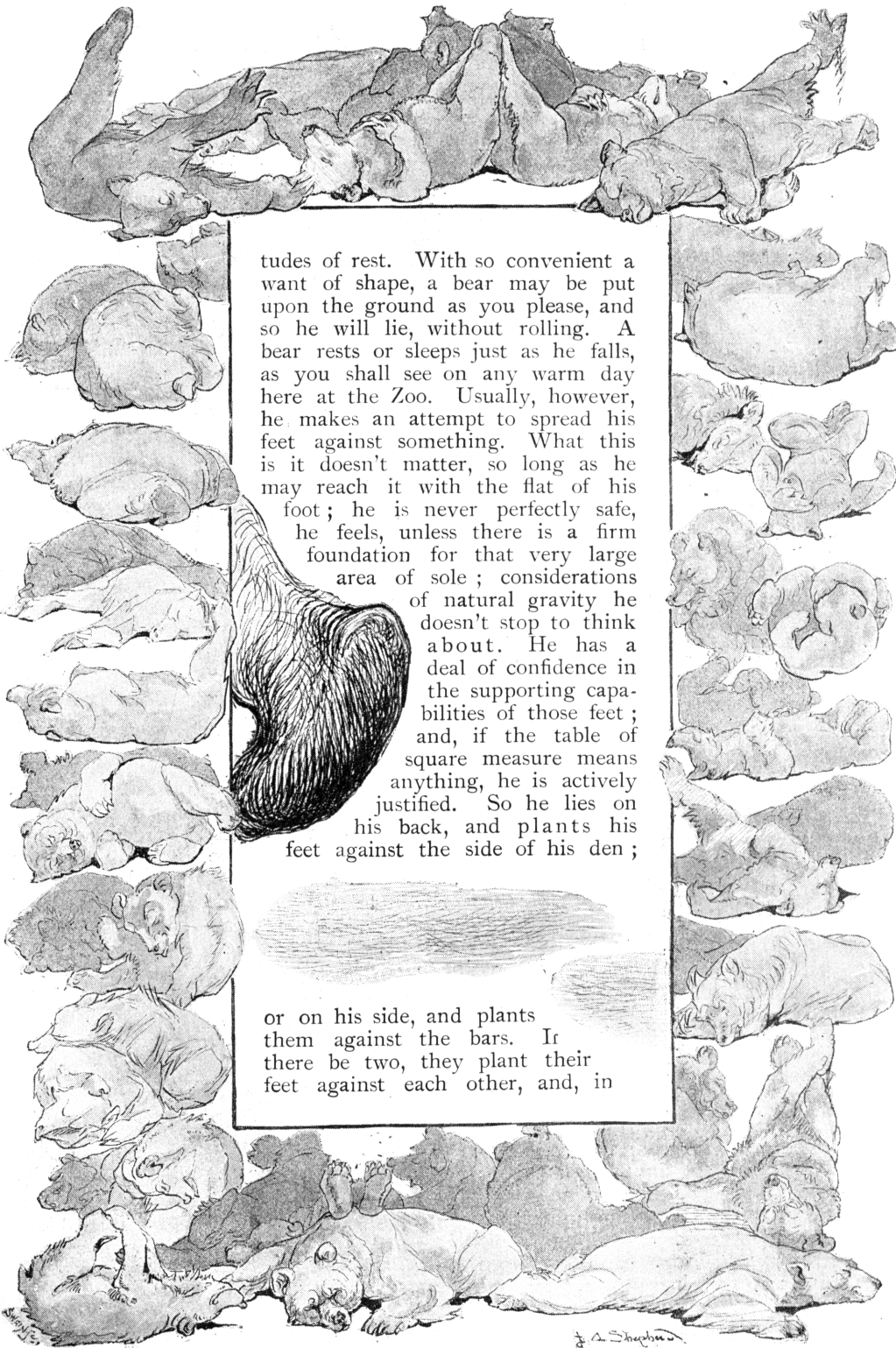
not be strictly correct for an American to say there were no flies on him. But his society made a great ass of that bear.

There was once a belief that bears licked their cubs into

bears licked their cubs into shape. If there be anything in this, all

the bears in my acquaintance came of very negligent mothers—or, perhaps, of mothers who tried the other sort of licking. They have strength, sagacity, stupidity, gloom, cheerfulness, teeth, hair, claws, position, magnitude, and big feet; but nothing at all like shape. This is why they are able to indulge in such a rich variety of atti-





tudes of rest. With so convenient a want of shape, a bear may be put upon the ground as you please, and so he will lie, without rolling. A bear rests or sleeps just as he falls, as you shall see on any warm day here at the Zoo. Usually, however, he makes an attempt to spread his feet against something. What this is it doesn't matter, so long as he may reach it with the flat of his foot; he is never perfectly safe, he feels, unless there is a firm foundation for that very large area of sole; considerations of natural gravity he doesn't stop to think about. He has a deal of confidence in the supporting capabilities of those feet; and, if the table of square measure means anything, he is actively justified. So he lies on his back, and plants his feet against the side of his den;

or on his side, and plants them against the bars. If there be two, they plant their feet against each other, and, in



"SPLIT ICEBERG."

the sweet communion of sole, fall asleep ; if there be only one, he curls up, and opposes his palms to his soles, and falls asleep so. Bango, the hairy-eared bear in the end cage, does this. A man who once said it was his sole attitude was driven to seek refuge from an infuriated populace in the seal pond. Notwithstanding this, and all that has been said about brute instinct in animals, nobody can gaze at, for instance, Michael, the big brown bear, without seeing at once that his sole is quite big enough for his body, big as that is. While the family motto of Samson, the big Polar bear, is understood to be, "O my prophetic sole, mine ankle!" This, however, is another story, and relates to Samson's slight lameness in a hind foot.

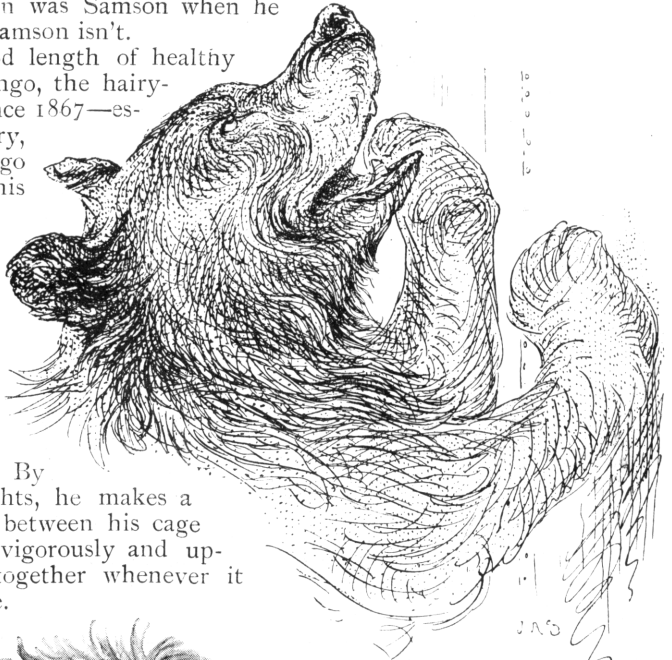
Samson is a fine fellow in the matter of size. The only short thing about him is his tail, unless you count his temper. The

temper. And there really is some excuse for the short climate would be a sufficient excuse in itself. It might, perhaps, be reasonable to say that the English climate is sufficient excuse for anybody's shortness of temper, but on the Polar bear it has the effect of that of India on an Englishman. Both Samson and Mrs. Samson—her name is Lil—manage fairly well in the winter, although they would be the more comfortable for an iceberg or two. But in the summer they keep as much as possible to the coolness of their cave, and look dolefully out at the visitors with just the expression of a fat Cockney when he says, "Ain't it 'orrid 'ot?" Still, Samson has had twenty-one of these summers now, and is bigger and stronger than ever, so that it is plain that his health does not suffer,



Lil is only a little bigger than was Samson when he first arrived, and is playful—Samson isn't.

Twenty-one years is a good length of healthy captivity for a bear, but Bango, the hairy-eared bear, has been here since 1867—established a quarter of a century, as the shopkeepers say. Bango lives with a single eye to his own comfort and nourishment, being blind in the other. Still, he can see a bun with his one eye just as quickly as any other bear can with two. Bango has a delusion—he is firmly convinced that by the regulations he is entitled to nine or ten meals a day, in addition to promiscuous snacks. By way of agitating for his rights, he makes a dinner gong of the partition between his cage and the next, punching it vigorously and uproariously for five minutes together whenever it strikes him that a meal is due.



BANGO.



BILLY.

A sad, bad character in bears lives a few doors further down. It is Billy, the sloth-bear. He is the most disreputable, careless, lazy, and unkempt bear on the premises. Perhaps his parents neglected him. Certainly if one bear can have less shape than another, which has none, Billy has. He is more than shapeless; he approaches the nebulous. A sort of vast, indefinite, black mop, with certain very long and ill-kept claws observable in odd places, and now and again a dissolute, confused muzzle, in which a double allowance of lip and a half-allowance of lip mingle indistinguishably. Billy is usually asleep. He is as fond of eating as any other bear, but fonder still of sleeping. Give him a biscuit while he is lying down, and he will come for it with an indignant expression of muzzle, implying that you are rather a nuisance than otherwise.

Ludlam's dog, says the proverb, was so lazy as to lay his head



against the wall to bark. Billy must have been Ludlam's bear. Round at the other side, Joey, Fanny, and Dolly, the little Malayan bears, are certainly not lazy. Dolly will turn a somersault for you with his head (yes, I mean *his*) in the sawdust, bringing himself over by gripping the bars with his feet. Fanny will do the same thing high up against the bars, climbing a somersault, so to speak. Of course, there is no regular charge for this performance, but neither Fanny nor Dolly will feel disappointed if you contribute a biscuit to the prize fund. Fanny will find the biscuit with her paw, even if it be put out of sight on the ledge before the partition.

But Michael—big Michael, the great brown Russian bear, the largest bear in the place except Samson—doesn't need to trouble to hunt for biscuits. He just opens his mouth, and you throw your contribution in. Now, with most of the bears this is something of a feat of skill, since you may easily pitch a little wide, and fail to score a bull's-eye. But when Michael's mouth opens—let us call him the Grand Duke Michael, by the bye—when the Grand Duke's mouth opens you can't very easily miss it. Go and look at the Grand Duke's mouth and see.

One chiefly respects Kate, the Syrian bear, as a relative of those other Syrian bears that ate the forty-two rude boys who annoyed Elisha. I have sometimes wondered whether these bears, hearing mention of a bald head, had aroused in them any personal feeling in regard to bear's-grease. But, on consideration, I scarcely

think this likely, because bear's-grease for the hair is always made from pig. The pretty young Hima-

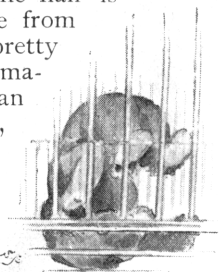
layan here can dance if she will, having been taught

by the bearward, Godfrey. But she will only dance when she feels "so disposed," and never if asked, which is ungrateful to Godfrey, who has taken pains with her education, and who managed bears long before her grandmother was born.

Menush and Nelly belong to a good family—the American blacks—but have been in trade, in the pit, until quite lately. Having acquired a considerable competence in buns, however, they have now retired into semi-privacy. They grew so excessively fat, indeed, upon the public bounty, that it became a matter of great difficulty to induce either to climb the pole—and almost as difficult a thing for either to do it. Now



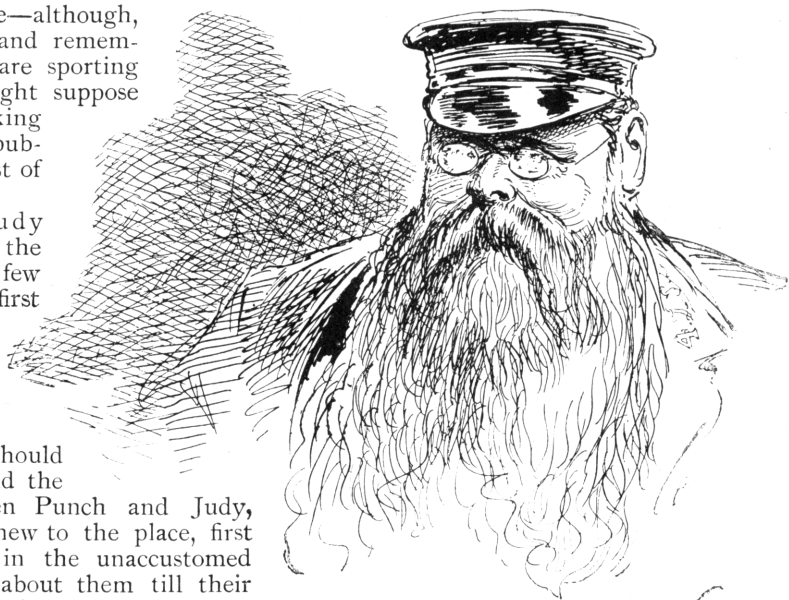
MICHAEL.



DOLLY'S SOMERSAULT.

they live in ease—although, looking at them and remembering that they are sporting characters, one might suppose them to be thinking of taking a quiet public-house for the rest of their days.

Punch and Judy have succeeded to the pit business. A few days after they first took possession, two other bears were turned in with them, nameless, but these obviously should be called Toby and the Policeman. When Punch and Judy, young bears and new to the place, first found themselves in the unaccustomed area, they looked about them till their eyes fell in succession upon the pole, the bath, and the floor—circular, and plainly meant as a ring. Here was a gymnasium, ready fitted; wherefore they promptly began a grand inaugural assault-at-arms, lasting most of the day. There was no distinct separation of the events; plunging, boxing, climbing, and wrestling were mixed in one long show, frequently approaching in character the drama wherefrom Punch and Judy derive their names, with one variation. For Judy is rather larger and stronger than Punch, who accordingly became chief receiver, and this with the utmost good humour. The pair, in the wild delight of comparative freedom in novel surroundings, having executed a prelusive scramble and rampage and a mutual roll in the bath, stood



THE BEARWARD.



RETIRED.

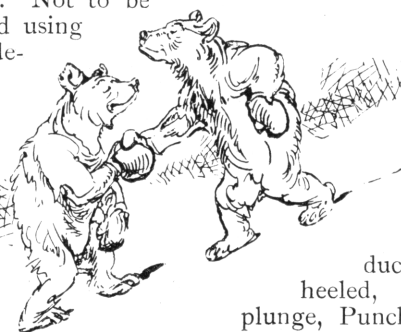
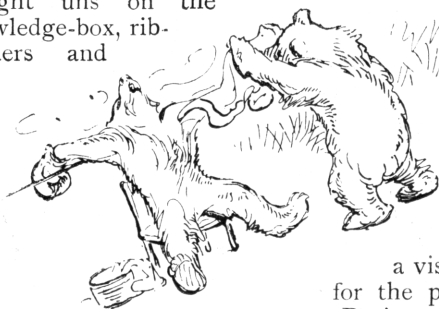
up and sparred carefully for an opening. Judy soon began proceedings with both mawleys, Punch ducking very cleverly and putting in the right on the listening-machine. Not to be denied, Judy bored in, and using right and left scored a decided lead, when Punch, the trickier of the



about to deliver a stinger between the eyes.

This round continued an unrecorded length of time, and consisted chiefly of wrestling, the bottom of the bath in the end being about the driest spot in the pit. Rounds four, five, and six consisted of judicious extracts from rounds one, two, and three, in new combinations, and with varying results, the combatants retiring, *secundum artem*, to their proper corners between each round.

Bangs on the smeller, drives in the breadbasket and dexter optic, straight uns on the knowledge-box, rib-benders and



two, observing his partner's back now to be turned to the bath, ducked in, held and back-heeled, both falling a mighty plunge, Punch uppermost, thus finishing round one. Round two consisted chiefly in a persevering attempt by Punch to drag Judy out of the bath, in order to roll in it himself. Round three began by Judy suddenly rising from the water and driving Punch violently up against the pole, from which awkward position he dropped on to four feet and re-treated with celerity, suddenly stopping and turning



ivory-rattlers were fully represented, and there were frequent visitations in the atmospheric department.

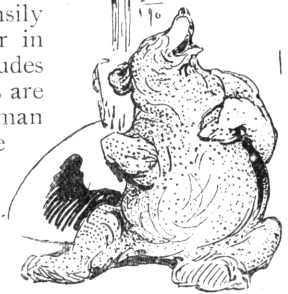
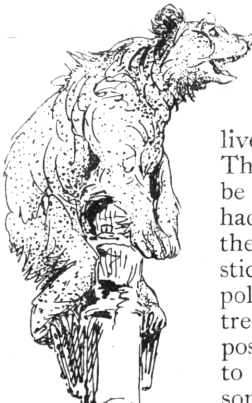
As the seventh round was about to begin, a visitor protruded a bun, impaled upon the stick for the purpose provided, near the pole a little way up. Business was immediately suspended, and Judy made for that bun. With some difficulty—Judy wasn't used to the

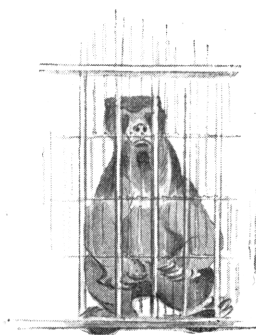
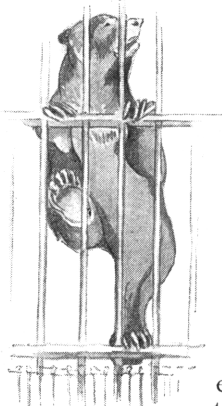
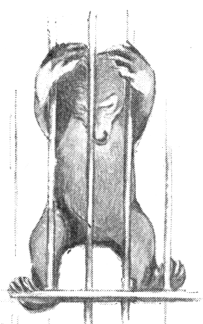
pole, and it shook the more the higher she ascended—she acquired the little present half way up, and descended to where Punch waited to renew the display. But Judy was thoughtful, and indisposed for the noble art. She had found a new thing in life, something to live for and think about—buns. So she thought about them.

The place where they were to be found, she reasoned—for she had never noticed the man at the opposite end of the long stick—was up that pole; the pole being probably a bun-tree. So that, whenever disposed for buns, it only needed to climb the pole and find some. Having arrived at this stage in the argument, it seemed to strike her that another bun was desirable, there and then. Wherefore she began another rather nervous climb, her eyes fixed steadily above to where the buns were expected to appear.

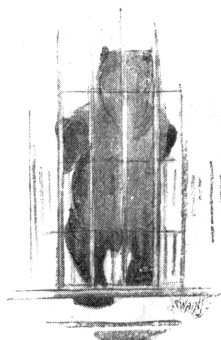
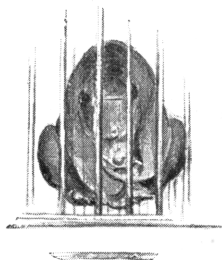
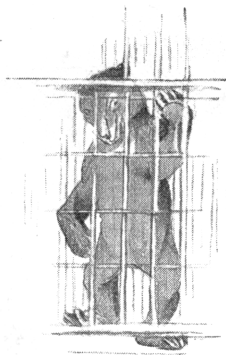
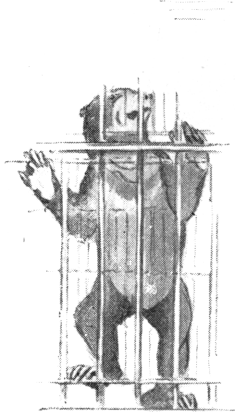
The expedition was a failure, and Judy pondered it, with the apparent decision that the buns must be a little higher up. So she started again, and found one! She has got over that little bun-tree superstition by this time, and can climb better. Also she and the others have already broken up entirely five of the sticks upon which buns arrive, thus from time to time cutting off the supply. And although Toby and the Policeman are very useful as seconds at the later boxing matches, very few buns get past Judy. Punch, the hen-pecked and wily, waits good-humouredly at the foot of the pole, and has been known to catch many a bun that Judy climbed for.

Through all the bear-dens you may see bears in attitudes sufficiently human to be quaint and grotesque. A squat like that of an Indian idol, an oddly human looking out of window, or a lounge at the bars, clumsily suggestive of a lounge at a bar in the Strand; and of all the attitudes those of the gentle little Malays are quaintest. A certain bandy human respectability hangs about these small fellows. Dolly, after turning his somersault, will sit and inspect his reward just as a child will

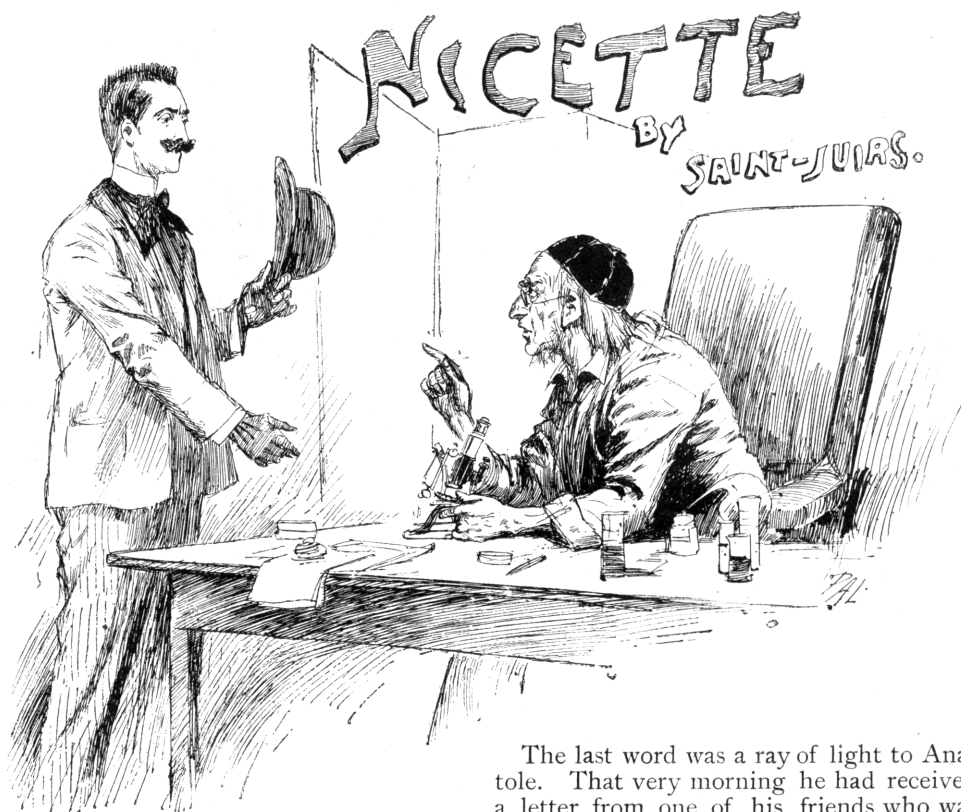




examine an apple, judging where to make the first bite. Dolly's great luxury is a cocoanut. He will thrust holes through the eyes at the end with a claw, and drink the milk before proceeding to the kernel. If the eyes are too tough to be pierced, he will lose his temper, like a spoiled child, and smash the nut against the floor; after which he will rush about distracted making wild efforts to drink the milk. I think some sort of a moral lesson might be deduced from this. If so, the gentle reader is at liberty to deduce it, without extra charge.







FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT-JUIRS.



OU are a dead man!" said the doctor, looking intently at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

He had come gaily to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious *savant* whose works on venomous substances are known all over the world, whose nobility of heart and almost paternal goodness Anatole had learned to know better than any other living soul; and now, without the least hesitation or preparation, he heard this terrible prognostication issue from those authoritative lips!

"Unhappy child, what have you done?" continued the doctor.

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly agitated.

"Tax your memory, tell me what you have eaten or drunk—what you have inhaled?"

The last word was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was travelling in India; in the letter was a flower plucked on a bank of the Ganges by the traveller—a strangely-formed red flower, the perfume of which—he now recalled the fact vividly—had appeared to him to be singularly penetrative. He hastily drew forth his pocket-book and produced the letter with its contents and handed them to the *savant*.

"No doubt is possible!" cried the doctor; "it is the *Pyramenensis Indica*! the deadly flower, the flower of blood!"

"Then,—you—really think—?"

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"But—it is impossible!—I am only five-and-twenty years of age, and feel full of life and health!—"

"At what hour did you open that fatal letter?"

"This morning, at nine o'clock."

"Well—to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a pain in your heart—and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy—no means of—"

"None!" said the doctor.

And, covering his face with his hands, he sank into a chair overcome by grief.

In face of the profound emotion of his old friend, Anatole understood that he was really condemned.

He hurried from the doctor's house like a madman. His forehead bathed in cold perspiration, his ideas all confused, going he knew not whither, he sped on and on amid the darkness of the night, taking no heed of the loneliness of the streets he was traversing. For a long time he pursued this blind course, until at length, finding a bench, he sank down upon it.

How many hours had he still to live?

The persistent and distressing sound of a racking cough brought him back to consciousness; he looked in the direction whence it came and saw, seated upon the same bench, a pale and weak little flower-girl—a child not more than eight years old, who as François Coppée says,

"D'es of the winter while offering us the spring."

That verse of the poet's recurred to the mind of Anatole; he felt in his waistcoat-pocket and found there two sous and two louis. He was going to give the poor child the two sous; but recollecting that he had only a few hours longer to live, he gave her the two louis.

This incident did him good.

He had been like a man stunned by a blow on the head; his bewilderment was overcome now, and he began to reassemble his dislocated ideas.

"My situation," he said to himself, "is that of a man condemned to death. A man in that position may still, however, hope for pardon—many of that sort are pardoned in our days. In past times even, some have been saved from the axe or the cord, to devote themselves to some difficult or dangerous piece of work—the launching of a ship, for example, or, as in the time of Louis XI., to marry an old woman. If I were consulted in the matter, I should prefer to launch a ship. Unfortunately, I shall not be consulted during the short interval of time that remains to me. But, by the way, how long *have* I got to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning!—it is time to go to bed. To bed!—waste in sleep my last six hours! Not if I know it. I have certainly something better than that

to do. But what? Of course—to make my will."

A restaurant—one of those which keep open all night—was not far off. Anatole entered it.

"Garçon, a bottle of champagne—and ink and paper."

He drank a glass of Cluquot and looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper before him.

"To whom shall I bequeath my six thousand francs a year? I have neither father nor mother—happily for them! Amongst the persons who interest me, I see only one—Nicette."

Nicette was a charming girl of eighteen, with blonde tresses and large black eyes; an orphan like himself—a community in misfortune which had long established between them a secret and complete sympathy.

His last will and testament was speedily drawn up: universal legatee, Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," he mused; "she was very sad when I last saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing of the world outside his class of wind instruments at the Conservatoire de Musique, had taken upon himself to promise her hand to a brute of an amateur of fencing whom she detests—the more because she has given her heart to somebody else. Who is that happy mortal?—I haven't the least idea; but he is certainly worthy of her, or she would never have chosen him. Good, gentle, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of husbands. Ah! she is the very wife that would have suited me, if—if—. By Jove, it's an infamy, to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brute! I have never before so well understood the generous ardour which fired the breasts of the wandering knights, and spurred them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty!—And, now I come to think of it, what hinders me from becoming the knight-errant of Nicette? My fate is settled—at nine o'clock—after that it will be too late; now, therefore, is the time for action! The hour is a little unusual for visiting people; but, when I reflect that, five hours hence, I shall be no more, I conclude that I have no time for standing on etiquette. Forward!—my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose—and then, perceiving that he had no money, he gave his gold watch

to the waiter in payment for the champagne—a watch worth five hundred francs.

The garçon took the chronometer, and examined it closely—weighed it in his hand, opened it—and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking Anatole.

It was four o'clock in the morning when



"HE EXAMINED IT CLOSELY."

he rang at the door of Monsieur Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette. He rang once, twice, and, at the third tug, broke the bell-wire. At length Monsieur Bouvard himself, in his night-dress and in great alarm, came and opened the door.

"What is the matter—is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear Monsieur Bouvard," said Anatole, "I have only paid you a little visit."

"At this hour!"

"It is pleasant to see you at any hour, my dear Monsieur Bouvard! But you are so lightly dressed—pray get into bed again."

"I am going to do so. But, I suppose, Monsieur, that it was not simply to trouble me in this way that you have come at such an hour? You have something of importance to say to me?"

"Very important, Monsieur Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to Monsieur Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project."

"Never, Monsieur!—never!"

"Don't fly in the face of Providence by using such language!"

"My resolution is fixed, Monsieur; this marriage will take place."

"It will not, Monsieur!"

"We will see about that. And, now that you have had my answer, Monsieur, I'll not detain you."

"A speech none too polite, Monsieur Bouvard; but, as I am as good-natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, and—remain."

"Stay if it pleases you to do so; but I shall consider you gone, and hold no further conversation with you."

Saying which Monsieur Bouvard turned his face to the wall, grumbling to himself—

"Was ever such a thing seen!—rousing a man at such an hour!—breaking his sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense!"

Suddenly Monsieur Bouvard sprang to a sitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man, and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of indescribable detestableness.

"My presentation trombone!—given me by my pupils! Let that instrument alone, Monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me gone; I shall consider you—absent, and shall amuse myself until you return. Couac! couac!—fromn! brout! Eh?—that was a fine note!"

"You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will not allow a trombone to be played here after midnight."

"A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frout! frout, prrr!"

"You will split my ears!—you'll spoil my instrument!—a trombone badly played on is a trombone destroyed, Monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra—pra—prrrr——"

"For mercy's sake give over!"

"Will you consent?"

"To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that marriage?"

"Monsieur, I cannot!"

"Then—couac!——"

"Monsieur Capdenac——"

"Prrrrroum!——"

"Is a terrible man to deal with!"

"Frrroutt!——"

"If I were to offer him such an affront, he would kill me."

"Is that the only reason which stops you?"

"That—and several others."

"In that case leave the matter to me; only swear to me that if I obtain Monsieur Capdenac's renunciation, my cousin shall be free to choose a husband for herself."

"Really, Monsieur, you abuse——"

"Couac, frrroutt, ffruit, brrroutt!——"

"Monsieur, Monsieur,—she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Will you now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epées."

"I fly thither!—Until we meet again!"

"You are going to throw yourself into the lion's mouth, and he will teach you a lesson you deserve," said

Monsieur Bouvard, as Anatole hurried from the bedchamber and shut the door after him.

Without a moment's hesitation Anatole betook himself to the address of the fire-eating fencer; it was just six o'clock when he arrived there. He rang the door-bell.

"Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door.

"Open!—very important communication from Monsieur Bouvard."

The sounds of a night-chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were heard.

"Here is a man who does not forget to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself.

The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentle-

man with a moustache fiercely upturned, whose night-dress appeared to be the complete costume of the fencing school.

"You see, always ready; it's my motto."

The walls of the swordsman's antechamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions; yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabres, rapiers, one and

two-handed swords, pistols—a regular arsenal—enough to terrify any timid-minded observer.

"Bah!" thought Anatole, "what do I now risk!—at most two-hours-and-a-half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I be allowed to know——"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you want to marry Mademoiselle Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you will not marry her!"

"Ah! thunder!—blood! who will prevent me?"

"I shall, Monsieur!"

Capdenac stared at Anatole, who was not very big, but appeared to be

very decided.

"Ah!—young man, you are very lucky to have found me in one of my placable moments. Take advantage of it—save yourself while you have time; otherwise I will not answer for your days!"

"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge!—to me!—Capdenac!—Do you know that I have been a master of the art of fencing for ten years!"

"There's nothing of-fence about me, Monsieur!"

"I have fought twenty duels—and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries, besides wounding the fifteen others! Come, I have taken pity on your youth!—once more, go away."

"I see, by your preparations, that you are an adversary worthy of me and my long



"PRRROUM!"

growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see! what shall we fight with? Those two double-handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding-axes? With cavalry sabres, or would you prefer a pair of curved yatagans? You hesitate: can't you make up your mind?"

"I am thinking of your mother and her coming distress."

"I haven't a mother to be distressed. Would you rather fight with a carbine?—pistol?—or revolver?"

"Young man—don't play with firearms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling!"

"Trembling! I? It's with cold."

"Then fight, or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

"Renounce the hand of Mademoiselle Nicette! By Jove, I admire your bravery! and brave men are made to understand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!"

"For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but

I did not know how to do it. I consent, therefore, with pleasure to do what you wish; but, at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to give way to threats, and you have threatened me."

"I retract them."

"In that case, all is understood."

"You will give me, in writing, your renunciation?"

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling-place of Monsieur Bouvard: he had a considerable distance to walk, and by the time he reached the professor's door it was nearly eight o'clock in the morning.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home, and go to bed!" cried the professor savagely.

"I have got Capdenac's renunciation of Nicette's hand! Open the door, or I will break it down."

Monsieur Bouvard admitted him, and Anatole placed in his hand the momentous paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried—

"Cousin, get up—dress yourself quickly and come here!"

"It appears, Monsieur, that I am no longer master in my own home!" exclaimed Monsieur Bouvard; "you go and come, and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing more to say to you, I—I will go back to my morning newspaper, in the reading of which you have interrupted me!"

A few minutes later, Nicette, looking fresh as dawn, arrived in the drawing-room.

"What is the matter?"

"The matter," said Monsieur Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it!" replied Anatole. "Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things: the renunciation of your hand by Monsieur Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice—the man you love."

"Do you really wish me to marry Anatole, guardian?"



"YOUNG MAN, DON'T PLAY WITH FIREARMS."



"Eh?" cried Anatole, his breath nearly taken away.

"Since I love you, cousin!"

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. Was it from pleasure at the unexpected avowal made by Nicette, or was it the agony, the death symptom predicted by the doctor?

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried. "She loves me—I am within reach of happiness, and am to die without attaining it!"

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter, the venomous flower he had scented, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he had written, and the steps he had successfully taken to release her from the claim of Capdenac.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "I have only to go home and die!"

"But it is im-

possible!" cried Nicette. "This doctor must have mistaken; who is he?"

"A man who is never in error, Nicette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, bursting into laughter. "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness with which he has been stricken is of a scientific character. It is well known that he was absorbingly engaged in an inquiry into the nature of venomous substances, and latterly he had fallen into the delusion that everybody he met was under the influence of poison, and endeavoured to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last

night transported to the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blank.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young persons fell into each other's arms.



## *A Day with Dr. Conan Doyle.*

BY HARRY HOW.



*From a Photo, by]*

DR CONAN DOYLE AND MRS. CONAN DOYLE.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*



DETECTIVISM up to date—that is what Dr. Conan Doyle has given us. We were fast becoming weary of the representative of the old school; he was, at his best, a very ordinary mortal, and, with the palpable clues placed in his path, the average individual could have easily cornered the “wanted” one without calling in the police or the private inquiry agent. Sher-

lock Holmes entered the criminal arena. He started on the track. A clever fellow; a cool, calculating fellow, this Holmes. He could see the clue to a murder in a ball of worsted, and certain conviction in a saucer of milk. The little things we regarded as nothings were all and everything to Holmes. He was an artful fellow, too; and though he knew “all about it” from the first, he ingeniously contrived to hold his secret until we got to the very last line in

the story. There never was a man who propounded a criminal conundrum and gave us so many guesses until we "gave it up" as Sherlock Holmes.

I thought of all this as I was on my way to a prettily-built and modest-looking red-brick residence in the neighbourhood of South Norwood. Here lives Dr. Conan Doyle. I found him totally different from the man I expected to see; but that is always the case. There was nothing lynx-eyed, nothing "detective" about him—not even the regulation walk

of our modern solver of mysteries. He is just a happy, genial, homely man; tall, broad-shouldered, with a hand that grips you heartily, and, in its sincerity of welcome, hurts. He is brown and bronzed, for he enters liberally into all outdoor sports—football, tennis, bowls, and cricket. His average with the bat this season is twenty. He is a capital amateur photographer, too. But in exercise he most leans towards tricycling. He is never happier than when on his tandem with his wife, and starting on a thirty-mile spin; never merrier than when he perches his little three-year-old Mary on the wheels, and runs her round the green lawn of his garden.

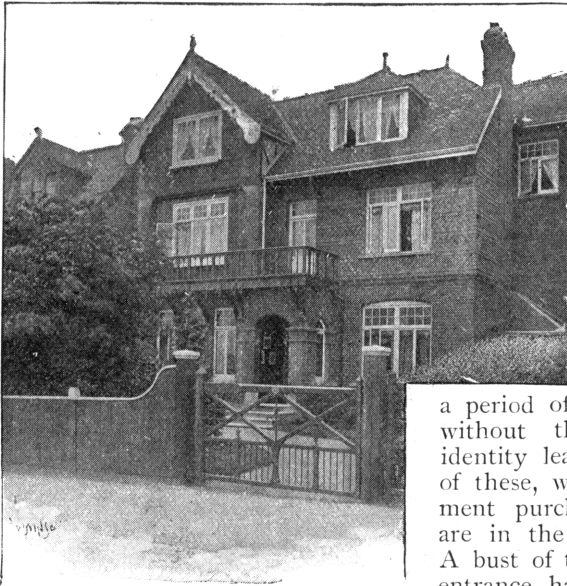
Dr. Doyle and

I, accompanied by his wife, a most charming woman, went through the rooms as a

preliminary. The study is a quiet corner, and has on its walls many remarkable pictures by Dr. Doyle's father. Dr. Doyle comes of a family of artists. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the celebrated "H. B.," whose pictorial political skits came out for

a period of over thirty years without the secret of his identity leaking out. A few of these, which the Government purchased for £1,000, are in the British Museum. A bust of the artist is in the entrance hall. John Doyle's sons were all artists. "Dicky Doyle," as he was known to

his familiars, designed the cover of *Punch*. His signature "D.," with a little bird on top, is in the corner. On the mantelpiece of the study, near to an autograph portrait of J. M. Barrie, is a remarkably interesting sketch, reproduced in these pages. It was done by John Doyle, and represented the



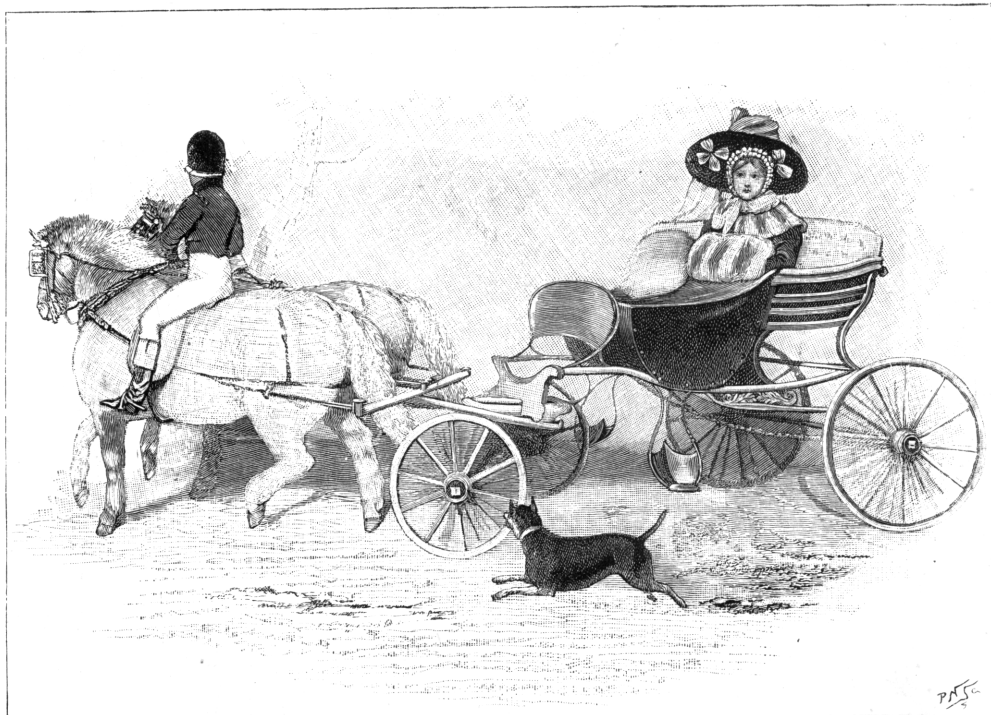
DR. CONAN DOYLE'S HOUSE.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo, by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Sketch]

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF SIX.

[by John Doyle.

Queen at the age of six driving in Hyde Park. The story is told how the little princess caught sight of old John Doyle trying to get a sketch of her, and graciously commanded her chaise to stop, so that it might be done.

The dining-room contains some good oil paintings by Mrs. Doyle's brother. On the top of a large book-case are a number of Arctic trophies, brought by the owner of the house from a region where the climate is even chillier than our own. The drawing-room is a pretty little apartment. The chairs are cosy, the afternoon tea refreshing, and the thin bread and butter delicious. You may notice a portrait of the English team of cricketers who

went out to Holland last year. Dr. Doyle is among them. Here are many more pictures by his father.

"That plaque in the corner?" said Dr. Doyle, taking down a large blue-and-white plate. "It was one of the late Khedive's dinner plates. When I was leaving Portsmouth, an old patient came to bid me



From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.



THE KHEDIVE'S PLATE.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

good-bye. She brought this as a little something to remember her by. Her son was a young able-bodied seaman on the *Inflexible* at the bombardment of Alexandria. A shot made a hole in the Khedive's palace, and when the lad landed he found it out, and crawled through. He found himself in the Khedive's kitchen! With an eye to loot, he seized this plate, and crawled out again. It was the most treasured thing the old lady possessed, she said, and she begged me to take it. I thought much of the action."

We lighted our cigars, and settled down again in the study.

Dr. Doyle was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He went to Stonyhurst in Lancashire at nine, and there had a school magazine which he edited, and in which he

wrote the poetry. He remained here seven years, when he went to Germany. There were a few English boys at this particular school, and a second magazine made its appearance. But its opinions were too outspoken; its motto was, "Fear not, and put it in print." As a matter of fact, a small leading article appeared on the injustice of reading the boys' letters before they were given into their hands. The words used were very strong, and a court-martial was held on the proprietors of the organ, and its further publication prohibited. At seventeen Dr. Doyle went to Edinburgh, and began to study medicine. At nineteen he sent his first real attempt—a story entitled, "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley," to *Chambers's Journal*, for which he received three guineas.

"I remained a student until one-and-twenty," said Dr. Doyle, "medicine in the day, sometimes a little writing at night. Just at this time an opportunity occurred

for me to go to the Arctic Seas in a whaler. I determined to go, putting off passing my exams. for a year. What a climate it is in those regions! We don't understand it here. I don't mean its coldness—I refer to its sanitary properties. I believe, in years to come, it will be the world's sanatorium. Here, thousands of miles from the smoke, where the air is the finest in the world, the invalid and weakly ones will go when all other places have failed to give them the air they want, and revive and live again under the marvellous invigorating properties of the Arctic atmosphere.



From a Photo. by] MRS. CONAN DOYLE AND DAUGHTER. [Dr. Conan Doyle.



"What with whaling, shooting, and boxing—for I took a couple of pairs of gloves with me, and used to box with the steward in the stokehole at night—we had a good time. On my return, I went back to medicine in Edinburgh again. There I met the man who suggested Sherlock Holmes to me—here is a portrait of him as he was in those days, and he is strong and hearty, and still in Edinburgh now."

I looked at the portrait. It represented the features of Mr. Joseph Bell, M.D., whose name I had heard mentioned whilst with Professor Blackie a few months ago in the Scotch capital.

"I was clerk in Mr. Bell's ward," continued Dr. Doyle. "A clerk's duties are to note down all the patients to be seen, and muster them together. Often I would have seventy or eighty. When everything was ready, I would show them in to Mr. Bell, who would have the students gathered round him. His intuitive powers were simply marvellous. Case No. 1 would step up.

"I see," said Mr. Bell, 'you're suffering from drink. You even carry a flask in the inside breast pocket of your coat.'

"Another case would come forward.

"'Cobbler, I see.' Then he would turn to the students, and point out to them that the inside of the knee of the man's trousers was worn. That was where the man had rested the lapstone—a peculiarity only found in cobblers.

"All this impressed me very much. He was continually before me—his sharp, piercing grey eyes, eagle nose, and striking

features. There he would sit in his chair with fingers together—he was very dexterous with his hands—and just look at the man or woman before him. He was most kind and painstaking with the students—a real good friend—and when I took my degree and went to Africa the remarkable individuality and discriminating tact of my old master made a deep and lasting impression on me, though I had not the faintest idea that it would one day lead me to forsake medicine for story writing."

It was in 1882 that Dr. Doyle started practising in Southsea, where he continued for eight years. By degrees literature took his attention from the preparation of prescriptions. In his spare time he wrote some fifty or sixty stories for many of the best magazines, during these eight years before his name became really known. A small selection of these tales has been published since, under the title of "The Captain of the Polestar," and has passed through some four editions. He was by no means forgetting the opportuni-



*From a Photo. by*

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

ties offered to such a truly inventive mind as his in novel writing. Once again the memory of his old master came back to him. He wrote "A Study in Scarlet," which was refused by many, but eventually sold outright by its author for £25. Then came "Micah Clarke"—a story dealing with the Monmouth Rebellion. This was remarkably successful. "The Sign of Four" came next, and the publication of this enhanced the reputation of its author very considerably. Sherlock Holmes was making his problems distinctly

agreeable to the public, which soon began to evince an intense interest in them, and expectantly watched and waited for every new mystery which the famous detective undertook to solve. But Holmes—so to speak—was put back for a time.

"I determined," said Dr. Doyle, "to test my own powers to the utmost. You must

*As to my companion neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of five millions of people with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumour or suspicion of unadvised crime.*

SPECIMEN OF THE MS. OF "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES."

go back to early authorities for everything. I set myself to reconstruct the archer, who has always seemed to me to be the most striking figure in English history. Of course, Scott has done him finely and inimitably in his outlaw aspect. But it was not as an outlaw that he was famous. He was primarily a soldier, one of the finest that the world has ever seen—rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, but full of pluck and animal spirits. The archers must have been extraordinary fellows. The French, who have always been gallant soldiers, gave up trying to fight them at last, and used to allow English armies to wander unchecked through the country. It was the same in Spain and in Scotland. Then the knights, I think, were much more human-kind of people than they have usually been depicted. Strength had little to do with their knightly qualities. Some of the most famous of them were very weak men, physically. Chandos was looked upon as the first knight in Europe when he was over eighty. My study of the period ended in my writing, 'The White Company,' which has, I believe, gone through a fair number of editions already.

"I made up my mind to abandon my practice at Southsea, come to London, and start as an eye specialist—a branch of the profession of which I was peculiarly fond. I studied at Paris and Vienna, and, whilst in the latter city, wrote 'The Doings of Raffle Haws.' On my return to London I took rooms in Wimpole-street, had a brass plate put on the door, and started. But orders for stories began to come in, and at the expiration of three months I forsook medicine altogether, came to Norwood, and started writing for THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

I learnt a number of interesting facts regarding "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Doyle invariably conceives the end of his story first, and writes up to it. He gets the climax, and his art lies in the ingenious way in which he conceals it from his readers. A story—similar to those which have appeared in these pages—occupies about a week in writing, and the ideas have come at all manner of times—when out walking, cricketing, tricycling, or playing tennis. He works between the hours of breakfast and lunch, and again in the evening from five to eight, writing some three thousand words a day. He receives many suggestions from the public. On the morning of my visit the particulars of a poisoning case

remember that I was still following medicine. Novel writing was in a great measure a congenial pastime, a pastime that I felt would inevitably become converted into a profession. I devoted two years to the study of fourteenth-century life in England—Edward III.'s reign—when the country was at its height. The period has hardly been treated in fiction at all, and I had to

had been sent to him from New Zealand, and the previous day a great packet of documents relating to a disputed will had been received from Bristol. But the suggestions are seldom practicable. Other letters come from people who have been reading the latest of his stories, saying whether they guessed the mystery or not. His reason for refraining from writing any more stories for a while is a candid one. He is fearful of spoiling a character of which he is particularly fond, but he declares that already he has enough material to carry him through another series, and merrily assures me that he thought the opening story of the next series of "Sherlock Holmes," to be published in this magazine, was of such an unsolvable character, that he had positively bet his wife a shilling that she would not guess the true solution of it until she got to the end of the chapter!

After my visit to Dr. Doyle, I communicated with Mr. Joseph Bell, in Edinburgh—the gentleman whose ingenious personality suggested Sherlock Holmes to his old pupil. The letter he sent in reply is of such interest that it is appended in its entirety:—

2, Melville-crescent,  
Edinburgh, June 16, 1892.

Dear Sir,—You ask me about the kind of teaching to which Dr. Conan Doyle has so kindly referred, when speaking of his ideal character, "Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Conan Doyle has, by his imaginative genius, made a great deal out of very little, and his warm remembrance of one of his old teachers has coloured the picture. In teaching the treatment of disease and accident, all careful teachers have first to show the student how to recognise accurately the case. The recognition depends in great measure on the accurate and rapid appreciation of

small points in which the diseased differs from the healthy state. In fact, the student must be taught to observe. To interest him in this kind of work we teachers find it useful to show the student how much a trained use of the observation can discover in ordinary matters such as the previous history, nationality, and occupation of a patient.

The patient, too, is likely to be impressed by your ability to cure him in the future if he sees you, at a glance, know much of his past. And the whole trick is much easier than it appears at first.

For instance, physiognomy helps you to nationality, accent to district, and, to an educated ear, almost to county. Nearly every handicraft writes its sign manual on the hands. The scars of the miner differ from those of the quarryman. The carpenter's callosities are not those of the mason. The shoemaker and the tailor are quite different.

The soldier and the sailor differ in gait, though last month I had to tell a man who said he was a soldier that he had been a sailor in his boyhood. The subject is endless: the tattoo marks on hand or arm will tell their own tale as to voyages; the ornaments on the watch chain of the successful settler will tell you where he made his money. A New Zealand squatter will not wear a gold mohur, nor an engineer on an Indian railway a Maori stone. Carry the same idea of using one's senses accurately and constantly, and you will see that many a surgical case will bring his past history, national, social, and medical, into the consulting-room as he walks in.

Dr. Conan Doyle's genius and intense imagination has on this slender basis made his detective stories a distinctly new departure, but he owes much less than he thinks to yours truly JOSEPH BELL.



MR. JOSEPH BELL.  
From a Photo, by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

## A Nightmare of the Doldrums.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

[A Terrible Story of the Sea, only to be read by people of strong nerves.]



THE *Justitia* was a smart little barque of 395 tons. I had viewed her with something of admiration as she lay in mid-stream in the Hooghly—somewhere off the Coolie Bazaar, I think it was. There was steam then coming to Calcutta, though not as steam now is; very little of it was in any sense palatial, and some of the very best of it was to be as promptly distanced under given conditions of weather by certain of the clippers, clouded with studding sails and flying kites to the starry buttons of their sky-sail mast-heads, as the six-knot ocean tramp of to-day is to be outrun by the four-masted leviathan thrashing through it to windward with her yards fore and aft!

I—representing in those days a large Birmingham firm of dealers in the fal-lal industries—had wished to make my way from Calcutta to Capetown. I saw the *Justitia* and took a fancy to her; I admired the long, low, piratic run of her hull, as she lay with straining hawsepipes on the rushing stream of the Hooghly; upon which, as you watched, there might go by in the space of an hour some half-score at least of dead natives made ghastly canoes of by huge birds, erect upon the corpses, burying their beaks as they sailed along.

I found out that the *Justitia* was one of the smartest of the Thames and East India traders of that time, memorable on one occasion for having reeled off a clean seventeen knots by the log under a main top-gallant sail, set over a single-reefed topsail. It was murmured, indeed, that the mate who hove that log was drunk when he counted the knots; yet the dead reckoning tallied with the next day's observations. I called upon the agents, was told that the *Justitia* was not a passenger ship, but that I could hire a cabin for the run to Capetown if I chose; a sum in rupees, trifling compared with the cost of transit by steam, was named. I went on board, found the captain walking up and down under the awning, and agreeably killed an

hour in a chat with as amiable a seaman as ever it was my good fortune to meet.

We sailed in the middle of July. Nothing worth talking about happened during our run down the Bay of Bengal. The crew foremost were all of them Englishmen; there were twelve, counting the cook and steward. The captain was a man named Cayzer; the only mate of the vessel was one William Perkins. The boatswain, a rough, short, hairy, immensely strong man, acted as second mate and kept a look-out when Perkins was below. But he was entirely ignorant of navigation, and owned to me that he read with difficulty words of one syllable, and could not write.

I was the only passenger. My name, I may as well say here, is Thomas Barron. Our run to the south Ceylon parallels was slow and disappointing. The monsoon was light and treacherous, sometimes dying out in a sort of laughing, mocking gust till the whole ocean was a sheet-calm surface, as though the dependable trade wind was never again to blow.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Cayzer to me, "we're used to the unexpected hereabouts. Monsoon or no monsoon, I'll tell you what: you're always safe in standing by for an Irishman's hurricane down here."

"And what sort of breeze is that?" I asked.

"An up-and-down calm," said he; "as hard to know where it begins as to guess where it'll end."

However, thanks to the frequent trade puffs and other winds, which tasted not like the monsoon, we crawled through those latitudes which Ceylon spans, and fetched within a few degrees of the Equator. In this part of the waters we were to be thankful for even the most trifling donation of catspaw, or for the equally small and short-lived mercy of the gust of the electric cloud. I forget how many days we were out from Calcutta: the matter is of no moment. I left my cabin one morning some hour after the sun had risen, by which time the decks had been washed down, and

were already dry, with a salt sparkle as of bright white sand on the face of the planks, so roasting was it. I went into the head to get a bath under the pump there. I feel in memory, as I write, the exquisite sensation of that luxury of brilliant brine, cold as snow, melting through me from head to foot to the nimble plying of the pump-brake by a seaman whom I regularly engaged for this job.

It was a true tropic morning. The sea, of a pale lilac, flowed in a long-drawn, gentle heave of swell into the south-west; the glare of the early morning brooded in a sort of steamy whiteness in the atmosphere; the sea went working to its distant reaches, and floated into a dim blending of liquid air and water, so that you couldn't tell where the sky ended; a weak, hot wind blew over the taffrail, but it was without weight. The courses swung to the swell without response to the breathings of the air; and on high the light cotton-white royals were scarcely curved by the delicate passage of the draught.

Yet the barque had steerage way. When I looked through the grating at her metalled forefoot I saw the ripples plentiful as harp-strings threading aft, and whilst I dried myself I watched the slow approach of a piece of timber hoary with barnacles, and venerable with long hairs of seaweed, amid and around which a thousand little fish were sporting, many-coloured as though a rainbow had been shivered.

I returned to my cabin, dressed, and stepped on to the quarter-deck, where I found some men spreading the awning, and the captain in a white straw hat viewing an object out upon the water through a telescope, and talking to the boatswain, who stood alongside.

"What do you see?" I asked.

"Something that resembles a raft," answered the captain.

The thing he looked at was about a mile distant, some three points on the starboard bow. On pointing the telescope, I distinctly made out the fabric of a raft, fitted with a short mast, to which midway a bundle—it resembled a parcel—was attached. A portion of the raft was covered by a white sheet or cloth, whence dangled a short length of something chocolate-coloured, indistinguishable even with the glass, lifting and sinking as the raft rose and fell upon the flowing heave of the sea.

"This ocean," said the captain, taking the glass from me, "is a big volume of

tragic stories, and the artist who illustrates the book does it in that fashion," and he nodded in the direction of the raft.

"What do you make of it, boatswain?" I asked.

"It looks to me," he answered in his strong, harsh, deep voice, "like a religious job—one of them rafts the Burmah covies float away their dead on. I never see one afore, sir, but I've heard tell of such things."

We sneaked stealthily towards the raft. It was seven bells—half-past seven—and the sailors ate their breakfast on the fore-castle, that they might view the strange contrivance. The mate, Mr. Perkins, came on deck to relieve the boatswain, and, after inspecting the raft through the telescope, gave it as his opinion that it was a Malay floating bier—"a Mussulman trick of ocean burial, anyhow," said he. "There should be a jar of water aboard the raft, and cakes and fruit for the corpse to regale on, if he ha'n't been dead long."

The steward announced breakfast; the captain told him to hold it back awhile. He was as curious as I to get a close view of the queer object with its white cloth and mast and parcel and chocolate-coloured fragment half in and half out like a barge's leeboard, and he bade the man at the helm put the wheel over by a spoke or two; but the wind was nearly gone, the barque scarcely responded to the motion of her rudder, the thread-like lines at the cutwater had faded, and a roasting, oppressive calm was upon the water, whitening it out into a tingling sheen of quicksilver with a fiery shaft of blinding dazzle, solitary and splendid, working with the swell like some monstrous serpent of light right under the sun.

The raft was about six cables' lengths off us when the barque came to a dead stand, with a soft, universal hollowing in of her canvas from royal to course, as though, like something sentient, she delivered one final sigh before the swoon of the calm seized her. But now we were near enough to resolve the floating thing with the naked eye into details. It was a raft formed of bamboo canes. A mast about six feet tall was erected upon it; the dark thing over the edge proved a human leg, and, when the fabric lifted with the swell and raised the leg clear, we saw that the foot had been eaten away by fish, a number of which were swimming about the raft, sending little flashes of foam over the pale surface



as they darted along with their back or dorsal fins exposed. They were all little fish ; I saw no sharks. The body to which the leg belonged was covered by a white cloth. The captain called my attention to the parcel attached to the mast, and said that it possibly contained the food which the Malays leave beside their dead after burial.

"But let's go to breakfast now, Mr. Barron," said he, with a slow, reproachful, impatient look round the breathless scene of ocean. "If there's any amusement to be got out of that thing yonder there's a precious long, quiet day before us, I fear, for the entertainment."

We breakfasted, and in due course returned on deck. The slewing of the barque had caused the raft to shift its bearings, otherwise its distance remained as it was when we went below.

"Mr. Perkins," said the captain, "lower a boat and bring aboard that parcel from the raft's jury-mast, and likewise take a peep at the figure under the cloth, and report its sex and what it looks like."

I asked leave to go in the boat, and when she was lowered, with three men in her, I followed Mr. Perkins, and we rowed over to the raft. All about the frail bamboo contrivance the water was beautiful with the colours and movements of innumerable fish. As we approached we were greeted by an evil smell. The raft seemed to have been

afloat for a considerable period ; its submerged portion was green with marine adhesions or growths. The fellow in the bows of the boat, manœuvring with the boat-hook, cleverly snicked the parcel from the jury-mast and handed it along to the mate, who put it beside him without opening it, for that was to be the captain's privilege.

"Off with that cloth," said Mr. Perkins, "and then back water a bit out of this atmosphere."

The bowman jerked the cloth clear of the raft with his boathook ; the white sheet floated like a snowflake upon the water for a few breaths, then slowly sank. The body exposed was stark-naked and tawny. It was a male. I saw nothing revolting in the thing ; it would have been otherwise perhaps had it been white. The hair was long and black, the nose aquiline, the mouth puckered into the aspect of a hare-lip ; the gleam of a few white teeth painted a ghastly contemptuous grin upon the dead face. The only shocking part was the footless leg.

"Shall I hook him overboard, sir ?" said the bowman.

"No, let him take his ease as he lies," answered the mate, and with that we returned to the barque.

We climbed over the side, the boat was hoisted to the davits, and Mr. Perkins took the parcel out of the stern-sheets and handed

it to the captain. The cover was a kind of fine canvas, very neatly stitched with white thread. Captain Cayzer ripped through the stitching with his knife, and exposed a couple of books bound in some kind of skin or parchment. They were probably the Koran, but the characters none of us knew. The captain turned them about for a bit, and I stood by looking at them ; he then replaced them in their



"THE BOWMAN JERKED THE CLOTH CLEAR OF THE RAFT."

canvas cover and put them down upon the skylight, and by and bye, on his leaving the deck, he took them below to his cabin.

The moon rose about ten that night. She came up hot, distorted, with a sullen face of belted vapour, but was soon clear of the dewy thickness over the horizon and showing a pure greenish silver upon the sea. She made the night lovely and cool: her reflection sparkled in the dew along the rails, and her beam whitened out the canvas into the tender softness of wreaths of cloud motionless upon the summit of some dark heap of mountain. I looked for the raft and saw it plainly, and it is not in language to express how the sight of that frail cradle of death deepened the universal silence and expanded the prodigious distances defined by the stars, and accentuated the tremendous spirit of loneliness that slept like a presence in that wide region of sea and air.

There had not been a stir of wind all day: not the faintest breathing of breeze had tarnished the sea down to the hour of midnight when, feeling weary, I withdrew to my cabin. I slept well, spite of the heat and the cockroaches, and rose at seven. I found the steward in the cabin. His face wore a look of concern, and on seeing me he instantly exclaimed:

"The captain seems very ill, sir. Might

you know anything of physic? Neither Mr. Perkins nor me can make out what's the matter."

"I know nothing of physic," I answered, "but I'll look in on him."

I stepped to his door, knocked and entered. Captain Cayzer lay in a bunk under

a middling-sized porthole: the cabin was full of the morning light. I started and stood at gaze, scarce crediting my sight, so shocked and astounded was I by the dreadful change which had happened in the night in the poor man's appearance. His face was blue, and I remarked a cadaverous sinking in of the eyeballs: the

lips were livid, the hands likewise blue, but strangely wrinkled like a washerwoman's. On seeing me he asked in a husky whispering voice for a drink of water. I handed him a full pannikin, which he drained feverishly, and then began to moan and cry out, making some weak miserable efforts to rub first one arm, then the other, then his legs.

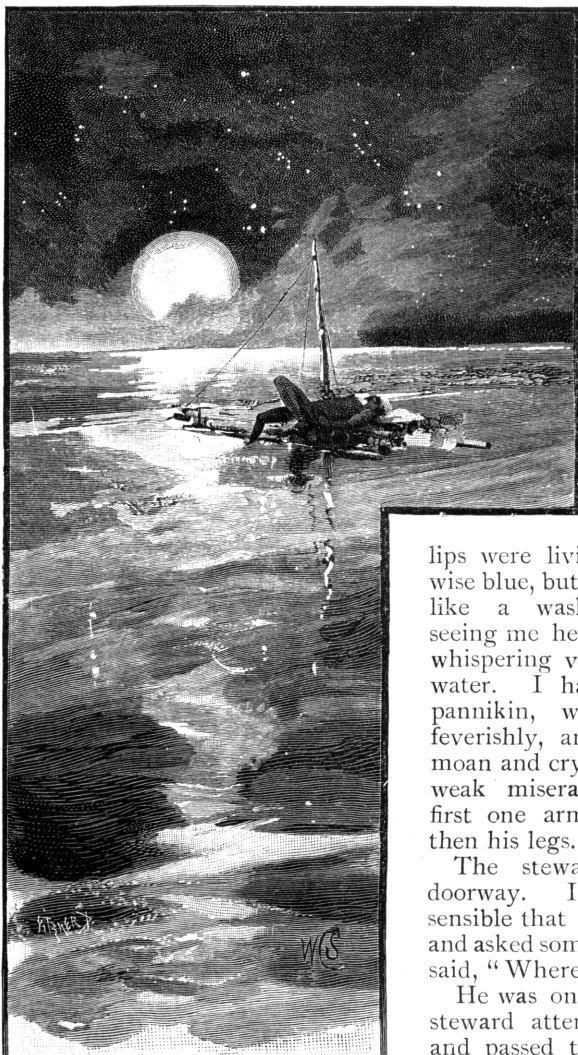
The steward stood in the doorway. I turned to him, sensible that my face was ashen, and asked some questions. I then said, "Where is Mr. Perkins?"

He was on deck. I bade the steward attend to the captain, and passed through the hatch to the quarter-deck, where I found the mate.

"Do you know that the captain is very ill?" said I.

"Do I know it, sir? Why, yes. I've been sitting by him chafing his limbs and giving him water to drink, and attending to him in other ways. What is it, d'ye know, sir?"

"Cholera!" said I.



"THE MOON ROSE."

"Oh, my God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "How could it be cholera? How could cholera come aboard?"

"A friend of mine died of cholera at Rangoon when I was there," said I. "I recognise the looks, and will swear to the symptoms."

"But how could it have come aboard?" he exclaimed, in a voice low but agitated.

My eyes, as he asked the question, were upon the raft. I started and cried, "Is that thing still there?"

"Ay," said the mate, "we haven't budged a foot all night."

The suspicion rushed upon me whilst I looked at the raft, and ran my eyes over the bright hot morning sky and the burnished surface of sea, sheeting into dimness in the misty junction of heaven and water.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said I, "to discover that we brought the cholera aboard with us yesterday from that dead man's raft yonder."

"How is cholera to be caught in that fashion?" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, pale and a bit wild in his way of staring at me.

"We may have brought the poison aboard in the parcel of books."

"Is cholera to be caught so?"

"Undoubtedly. The disease may be propagated by human intercourse. Why not then by books which have been handled by cholera-poisoned people, or by the atmosphere of a body dead of the plague?" I added, pointing at the raft.

"No man amongst us is safe, then, now?" cried the mate.

"I'm no doctor," said I; "but I know this, that contagious poisons such as scarlet fever, glanders, and so on may retain their properties in a dormant state for years. I've heard tell of scores of instances of cholera being propagated through articles of dress. Depend upon it," said I, "that we brought the poison aboard with us yesterday from that accursed death-raft yonder."

"Aren't the books in the captain's cabin?" said the mate.

"Are they?"

"He took them below yesterday, sir."

"The sooner they're overboard the better," I exclaimed, and returned to the cabin.

I went to the captain, and found the steward rubbing him. The disease appeared to be doing its work with horrible rapidity; the eyes were deeply sunk and red; every feature had grown sharp and pinched as

after a long wasting disease; the complexion was thick and muddy. Those who have watched beside cholera know that terrific changes may take place in a few minutes. I cast my eyes about for the parcel of books, and, spying it, took a stick from a corner of the berth, hooked up the parcel, and, passing it through the open porthole, shook it overboard.

The captain followed my movements with a languid rolling of his eyes but spoke not, though he groaned often, and frequently cried out. I could not in the least imagine what was proper to be done. His was the most important life on board the ship, and yet I could only look on and helplessly watch him expire.

He lived till the evening, and seldom spoke save to call upon God to release him. I had found an opportunity to tell him that he was ill of the cholera, and explained how it happened that the horrible distemper was on board, for I was absolutely sure we had brought it with us in that parcel of books; but his anguish was so keen, his death so close then, that I cannot be sure he understood me. He died shortly after seven o'clock, and I have since learnt that that time is one of the critical hours in cholera.

When the captain was dead I went to the mate, and advised him to cast the body overboard at once. He called to some of the hands. They brought the body out just as the poor fellow had died, and, securing a weight to the feet, they lifted the corpse over the rail, and dropped it. No burial service was read. We were all too panic-stricken for reverence. We got rid of the body quickly, the men handling the thing as though they felt the death in it stealing into them through their fingers—hoping and praying that with it the cholera would go. It was almost dark when this hurried funeral was ended. I stood beside the mate, looking round the sea for the shadow of wind in any quarter. The boatswain, who had been one of the men that handled the body, came up to us.

"Ain't there nothing to be done with that corpus out there?" he exclaimed, pointing with a square hand to the raft. "The men are agreed that there'll come no wind whilst that there dead blackie keeps afloat. And ain't he enough to make a disease of the atmosphere itself, from horizon to horizon?"

I waited for the mate to answer. He said gloomily, "I'm of the poor captain's

mind. You'll need to make something fast to the body to sink it. Who's to handle it? I'll ask no man to do what I wouldn't do myself, and rat me if I'd do *that!*"

"We brought the poison aboard by visiting the raft, bo'sun," said I. "Best leave the thing alone. The corpse is too far off to corrupt the air, as you suppose; though the imagination's nigh as bad as the reality," said I, spitting.

"If there's any of them game to sink the thing, may they do it?" said the boat-swain. "For if there's ne'er a breeze of wind to come while it's there——"

"Chaw!" said the mate. "But try 'em, if you will. They may take the boat when the moon's up, should there come no wind first."

An hour later the steward told me that two of the sailors were seized with cramps and convulsions. After this no more was said about taking the boat and sinking the body. The mate went into the fore-castle. On his return, he begged me to go and look at the men.

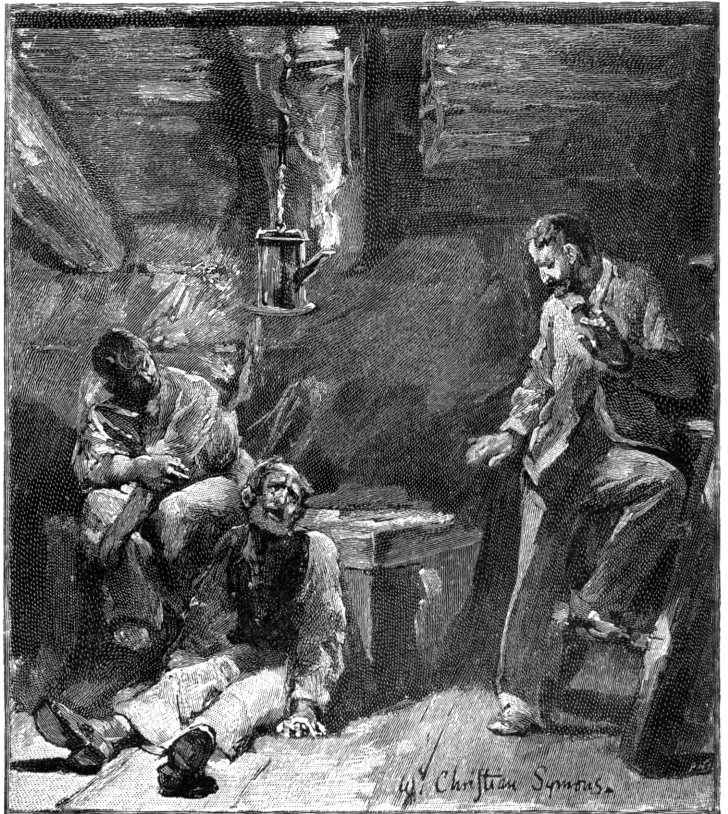
"Better make sure that it's cholera with them too, sir," said he. "You know the signs;" and, folding his arms, he leaned against the bulwarks in a posture of profound dejection.

I went forward and descended the fore-scuttle, and found myself in a small cave. The heat was overpowering; there was no air to pass through the little hatch; the place was dimlylighted by an evil-smelling lamp hanging under a beam, but, poor as the illumination was, I could see by it, and when I looked at the two men and spoke to them, I saw how it was, and came away sick at heart, and half dead with the hot foul air of the fore-castle, and in deepest distress of mind,

moreover, through perceiving that the two men had formed a part of the crew of the boat when we visited the raft.

One died at six o'clock next morning, and the other at noon; but before this second man was dead three others had been attacked, and one of them was the mate. And still never a breath of air stirred the silver surface of the sea.

The mate was a strong man, and his fear of death made the conflict dreadful to behold. I was paralysed at first by the suddenness of the thing and the tremendous character of our calamity, and, never doubting that I must speedily prove a victim as being one who had gone in the boat, I cast myself down upon a sofa in the cabin and there sat, waiting for the first signal of pain, sometimes praying, or striving to pray, and seeking hard to



"I SAW HOW IT WAS."

accustom my mind to the fate I regarded as inevitable. But a keen and biting sense of my cowardice came to my rescue. I sprang to my feet and went to the mate's

berth, and nursed him till he died, which was shortly before midnight of the day of his seizure—so swift and sure was the poison we had brought from the raft. He was dropped over the side, and in a few hours later he was followed by three others. I cannot be sure of my figures: it was a time of delirium, and I recall some details of it with difficulty, but I am pretty sure that by the morning of the fourth day of our falling in with the accursed raft the ship's company had been reduced to the boatswain and five men, making, with myself, seven survivors of fifteen souls who had sailed from Calcutta.

It was some time about the middle of the fifth day—two men were then lying stricken in the forecabin—the boatswain and a couple of seamen came aft to the quarter-deck where I was standing. The wheel was deserted: no man had grasped it since the captain's death; indeed there was nothing to be done at the helm. The ocean floated in liquid glass; the smell of frying paint, bubbled into cinders by the roasting rays, rose like the stench of a second plague to the nostrils. The boatswain and his companions had been drinking; no doubt they had broached the rum casks below. They had never entered the cabin to my knowledge, nor do I believe they got their liquor from there. The boatswain carried a heavy weight of some sort, bound in canvas, with a long laniard attached to it. He flung the parcel into the quarter-boat, and roared out—

"If that don't drag the blistered cuss out of sight I'll show the fired carcass the road myself. Cholera or no cholera, here goes!"

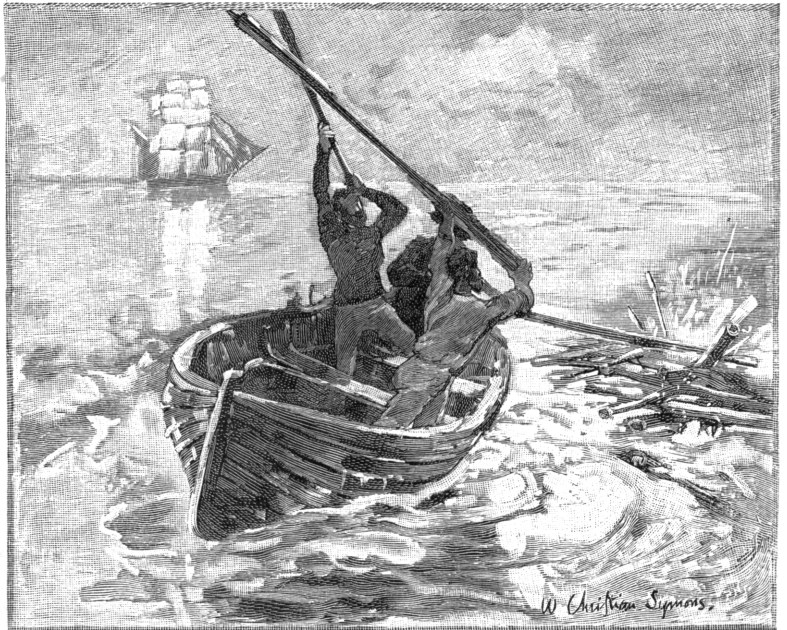
"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Do?" he cried; "why sink that there

plague out of it, so as to give us the chance of a breeze. Ain't this hell's delight? What's-a-going to blow us clear whilst *he* keeps watch?" And he nodded with a fierce drunken gesture towards the raft.

"You'll have to handle the body to sink it," said I. "You're well men, now; keep well, won't you? The two who are going may be the last taken."

The three of them roared out drunkenly together, so muddling their speech with oaths that I did not understand them. I walked aft, not liking their savage looks. Shouting and cursing plentifully, they lowered the boat, got into her by descending the falls, and shoved off for the raft. They drew alongside the bamboo contrivance, and I looked to see the boat capsize, so wildly did they sway her in their wrath and drink as they fastened the weight to the foot of the body, sank it,



"THEY HAMMERED AT THE RAFT."

and, with the loom of their oars, hammered at the raft till the bamboos were scattered like a sheaf of walking-sticks cut adrift. They then returned to the barque, clambered aboard, and hoisted the boat.

The two sick men in the forecabin were at this time looked after by a seaman named Archer. I have said it was the fifth day of the calm; of the ship's company the boatswain and five men were living, but two



were dying, and that, not counting me, left three as yet well and able to get about.

This man Archer, when the boatswain and his companions went forward, came out of the forecabin, and drank at the scuttle-butt in the waist. He walked unsteadily, with that effort after stateliness which is peculiar to tipsy sailors; his eyes wandered, and he found some difficulty in hitting the bung-hole with the dipper. Yet he was a civil sort of man when sober; I had occasionally chatted with him during his tricks at the wheel; and, feeling the need of someone to talk to about our frightful situation, I walked up to him, and asked how the sick men did.

"Dying fast," he answered, steadying himself by leaning against the scuttle-butt, "and a-ravin' like screech-owls."

"What's to be done, Archer?"

"Oh, God alone He knows!" answered the man, and here he put his knuckles into his eyes, and began to cry and sob.

"Is it possible that this calm can last much longer?"

"It may last six weeks," he answered, whimpering. "Down here, when the wind's drawn away by the sun, it may take six weeks afore it comes on to blow. Six weeks of calm down here ain't thought nothen of," and here he burst out blubbering again.

"Where do you get your liquor from?" said I.

"Oh, don't talk of it, don't talk of it!" he replied, with a maudlin shake of the head.

"Drinking 'll not help you," said I; "you'll all be the likelier to catch the malady for drinking. This is a sort of time, I should think, when a man most wants his senses. A breeze may come, and we ought to decide where to steer the barque to. The vessel's under all plain sail, too, and here we are, four men and a useless passenger, should it come on to blow suddenly——"

"We didn't sign on under you," he interrupted, with a tipsy scowl, "and as ye ain't no good either as sailor or doctor, you can keep your blooming sarmons to yourself till they're asked for."

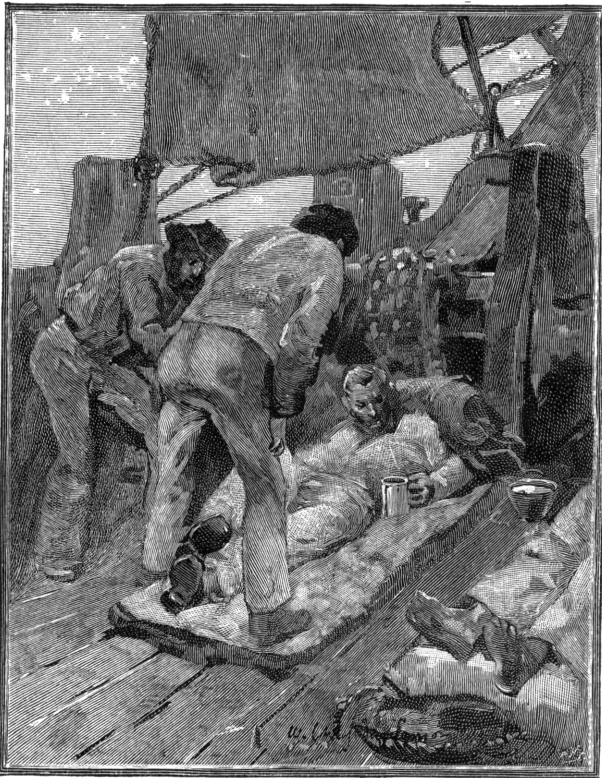
I had now not only to fear the cholera but to dread the men. My mental distress was beyond all power of words to convey: I wonder it did not quickly drive me crazy and hurry me overboard. I lurked in the cabin to be out of sight of the fellows, and all the while my imagination was tormenting me with the first pangs of the

cholera, and every minute I was believing I had the mortal malady. Sometimes I would creep up the companion steps and cautiously peer around, and always I beheld the same dead, faint blue surface of sea stretching like an ocean in a dream into the faint indefinable distances. But shocking as that calm was to me I very well knew there was nothing wonderful or preternatural in it. Our forefoot five days before had struck the equatorial zone called the Doldrums, and at a period of the year when a fortnight or even a month of atmospheric lifelessness might be as confidently looked for as the rising and setting of the sun.

At nine o'clock that night I was sitting at the cabin table with biscuit and a little weak brandy and water before me, when I was hailed by someone at the open skylight above. It was black night, though the sky was glorious with stars: the moon did not rise till after eleven. I had lighted the cabin lamp, and the sheen of it was upon the face of Archer.

"The two men are dead and gone," said he, "and now the bo'sun and Bill are down. There's Jim dead drunk in his hammock. I can't stand the cries of sick men. What with liquor and pain, the air below suffocates me. Let me come aft, sir, and keep along with you. I'm sober now. Oh, Christ, have mercy upon me! It's my turn next, ain't it?"

I passed a glass of brandy to him through the skylight, then joined him on deck, and told him that the two dead bodies must be thrown overboard, and the sick men looked to. For some time he refused to go forward with me, saying that he was already poisoned and deadly sick, and a dying man, and that I had no right to expect that one dying man should wait upon another. However, I was determined to turn the dead out of the ship in any case, for in freeing the vessel of the remains of the victims might lie my salvation. He consented to help me at last, and we went into the forecabin and between us got the bodies out of their bunks and dropped them, weighted, over the rail. The boatswain and the other men lay groaning and writhing and crying for water; cursing at intervals. A coil of black smoke went up from the lamp-flame to the blackened beam under which the light was burning. The atmosphere was horrible. I bade Archer help me to carry a couple of mattresses on to the forecabin, and we got the sick men through the hatch, and they lay there in



"THEY LAY THERE IN THE COOLNESS."

the coolness with plenty of cold water beside them and a heaven of stars above, instead of a low-pitched ceiling of grimy beam and plank dark with processions of cockroaches, and dim with the smoke of the stinking slush lamp.

All this occupied us till about half-past ten. When I went aft I was seized with nausea, and, sinking upon the skylight, dabbled my brow in the dew betwixt the lifted lids for the refreshment of the moisture. I believed that my time had come, and that this sickness was the cholera. Archer followed me, and seeing me in a posture of torment, as he supposed, concluded that I was a dead man. He flung himself upon the deck with a groan, and lay motionless, crying out at intervals, "God, have mercy! God, have mercy!" and that was all.

In about half an hour's time the sensation of sickness passed. I went below for some brandy, swallowed half a glass, and returned with a dram for Archer, but the man had either swooned or fallen asleep, and I let him lie. I had my senses perfectly, but felt shockingly weak in body,

and I could think of nothing consolatory to diminish my exquisite distress of mind. Indeed, the capacity of realisation grew unendurably poignant. I imagined too well, I figured too clearly. I pictured myself as lying dead upon the deck of the barque, found a corpse by some passing vessel after many days; and so I dreamt, often breaking away from my horrible imaginations with moans and starts, then pacing the deck to rid me of the nightmare hag of thought till I was in a fever, then cooling my head by laying my cheek upon the dew-covered skylight.

By and by the moon rose, and I sat watching it. In half an hour she was a bright light in the east, and the shaft of silver that slept under her stretched to the barque's side. It was just then that one of the two sick men on the fore-castle sent up a yell. The dreadful note rang through the vessel, and dropped back to the deck in an echo from the canvas.

A moment after I saw a figure get on to the fore-castle rail and spring overboard. I heard the splash of his body, and, bounding over to Archer, who lay on the deck, I pulled and hauled at him, roaring out that one of the sick men had jumped overboard, and then rushed forward and looked over into the water in the place where the man had leapt, but saw nothing, not even a ripple.

I turned and peered close at the man who lay on the fore-castle, and discovered that the fellow who had jumped was the boatswain. I went again to the rail to look, and lifted a coil of rope from a pin, ready to fling the fakes to the man, should he rise. The moonlight was streaming along the ocean on this side of the ship, and now, when I leaned over the rail for the second time, I saw a figure close under the bows. I stared a minute or two; the colour of the body blended with the gloom, yet the moonlight was upon him too, and then it was that after looking awhile, and observing the thing to lie motionless, I perceived that it was the body that had been upon the raft! No doubt the extreme horror raised in me by the sight

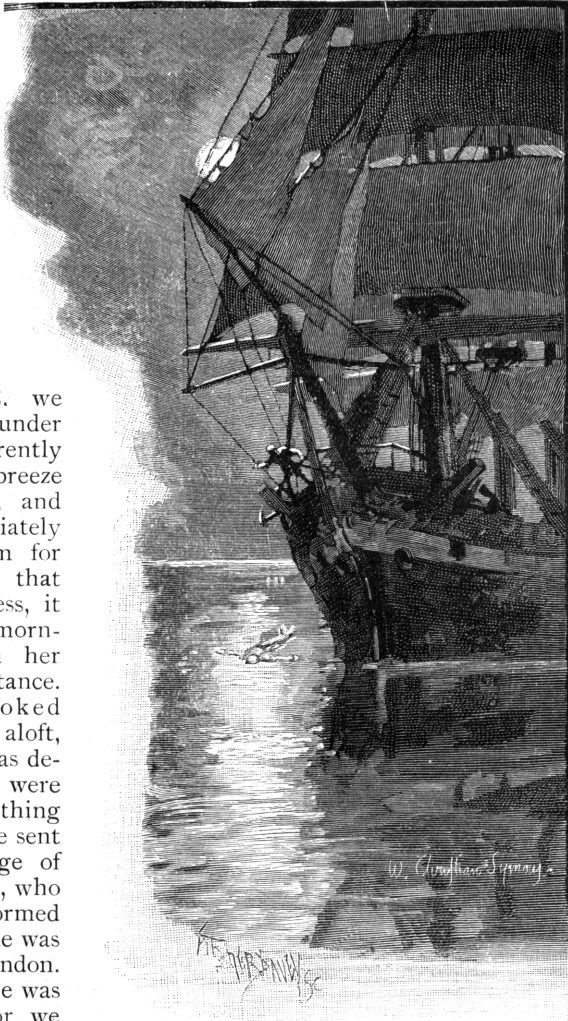
of the poisonous thing beheld in that light and under such conditions crazed me. I have a recollection of laughing wildly, and of defying the dark floating shape in insane language. I remember that I shook my fist and spat at it, and that I turned to seek for something to hurl at the body, and it may have been that in the instant of turning my senses left me, for after this I can recall no more.

The sequel to this tragic and extraordinary experience will be found in the following statement, made by the people of the ship *Forfarshire*, from Calcutta to Liverpool:—"August 29, 1857. When in latitude  $2^{\circ} 15'$  N. and longitude  $79^{\circ} 40'$  E. we sighted a barque under all plain sail, apparently abandoned. The breeze was very scanty, and though we immediately shifted our helm for her on judging that she was in distress, it took us all the morning to approach her within hailing distance. Everything looked right with her aloft, but the wheel was deserted, and there were no signs of anything living in her. We sent a boat in charge of the second officer, who returned and informed us that the barque was the *Justitia*, of London. We knew that she was from Calcutta, for we had seen her lying in the river. The second officer stated that there were three dead bodies aboard, one in a hammock in the fore-castle, a second on a mattress on the

fore-castle, and a third against the coamings of the main-hatch; there was also a fourth man lying at the heel of the port cathead—he did not seem to be dead. On this Dr. Davison was requested to visit the barque, and he was put aboard by the second officer. He returned quickly with one of the men, whom he instantly ordered to be stripped and put into a warm bath, and his clothes thrown overboard. He said that the dead

showed unmistakable signs of having died from cholera. We proceeded, not deeming it prudent to have anything further to do with the ill-fated craft. The person we had rescued remained insensible for two days; his recovery was then slow, but sure, thanks to the skilful treatment of Dr. Davison. He informed us that his name was Thomas Barron, and that he was a passenger on board the *Justitia* for Cape Town. He was the travelling representative of a large Birmingham firm. The barque had on the preceding Friday week fallen in with a raft bearing a dead body. A boat was sent to bring away a parcel from the raft's mast, and it is supposed that the contents of the parcel communicated the

cholera. There were fifteen souls when the vessel left Calcutta, and all perished except the passenger, Thomas Barron."



"A FIGURE CLOSE UNDER THE BOWS."

## Grandfather's Picture-Books.

**L**N considering the picture-books belonging to the grandfathers of the young and old among us, we are much indebted to Messrs. Field and Tuer for permission to reproduce a number of examples from their "1,000 Quaint Cuts from Books of Other Days."

Here, to begin with, is a set of pictures illustrating the marvellous history of Tom Thumb. First there is a very respectable cut representing that critical moment of the hero's history when he was taken up in a mouthful of grass by a cow. Then we have him astride of his



THE COW EATS TOM THUMB.

faithful butterfly, sailing gaily over houses, fields, and trees. Comparing the butterfly with the adjacent tree, it would seem to be about as big as a large crocodile, with wings rather larger than a church door. Then we have the furmety bowl accident. It is pleasing to observe, in this picture, the architecture of the period of King Arthur,



HE RIDES ON THE BUTTERFLY.

according to the artist. Rows of brick houses, with severely rectangular doors and windows, appear to have been in fashion, while a magnified bedpost stood at the head

of a flight of steps. In the fourth picture we have the last sad adventure, when the deadly breath of the wicked spider put an end to the doughty deeds, the butterflyings, and the paste-wallowings of good Sir Thomas. Observe the terrifying expression of the spider's face (he is a rare kind of spider, by the bye, with a monkey's head), and the extraordinary action whereby he essays "cut one," which Sir Thomas is to receive on his shield. A spider who can go through the broadsword exercise is as great a wonder as Sir Thomas himself.

Next we have Jack the Giant Killer. From the first cut grandfather gathered his



HE IS SOUSED IN THE FURMETY.

ideas as to how the first of Jack's famous exploits—that with Cormoran—was accomplished. Observe the dark lantern in the corner—quite up to date, you see, although Jack was, like Sir Thomas, a contemporary of King Arthur. Then we have Jack tackling Blunderbore and his brother, strangling them with a rope tied to his window



HE IS KILLED BY THE SPIDER.

frame, trampling all over their heads and shoulders and cutting off their heads like anything, while they lean limply on their clubs. The next two cuts tell us all about

the Welsh Giant. First he is pounding away (quite reckless of his own bed-linen) at the supposed Jack, who is represented in the story by a billet of wood, and in the



JACK KILLS CORMORAN.

picture by what looks like a school bell-tower, or a patent chimney-pot. With so much light in the room as the picture shows, however, the giant must have had a good deal of cold tea for supper to mistake the chimney-pot for Jack, or to fail to notice that artful person standing in the lightest corner.



HE STRANGLES THE GIANTS.

Next the wicked Welsh Giant is committing involuntary suicide in his rash attempt to play "follow-my-leader" in the porridge-bag trick. That long white thing hanging out of the hole in the giant's waistcoat is not his shirt, as might be supposed, but



HIS ARTFULNESS.

blood, which seems to have frozen into a tall heap. Note, too, the delicate way in

which the giant's nationality is suggested, by a leek tastefully worn in the hair. In the last two pictures Jack appears in his invisible cloak, and everybody must admire



HE SHOWS THE GIANT A TRICK.

the boldness with which the artist has grappled with the difficulty of representing a man made invisible in a picture. The recipe is a simple one—draw him rather larger than usual, more clearly, and blacker; especially make the invisible cloak as black and as visible as possible, and there you



THE GIANT AND HIS PRISONERS.

are. In the last of these pictures, Jack is slashing off the nose of one of his customers. It is a very fine and large nose, of the sort that you buy for a penny at a fair. The giant appears to be making a wild attempt to catch it, although that would



HE SLICES OFF THE GIANT'S NOSE.

seem scarcely wise, for he certainly looks a deal handsomer without it,

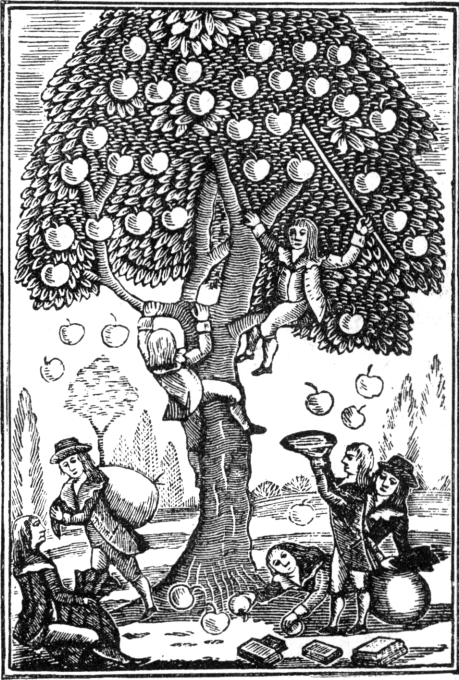


Here is rather an earlier picture, from a book of nursery rhymes. The legend runs

Oh dear ! what can the matter be ?

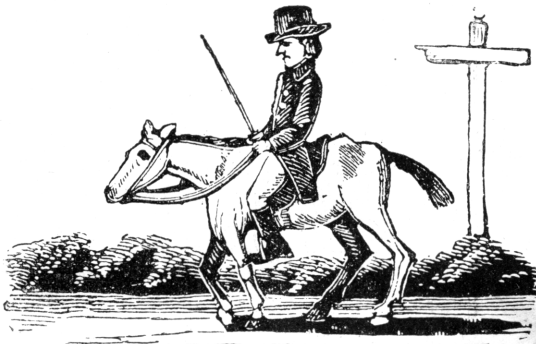
Two little boys are up in the apple tree !

Which probably contains a great deal of reason, since there is so little rhyme. It



"OH DEAR ! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE ?  
TWO LITTLE BOYS ARE UP IN THE APPLE TREE !"

is a beautiful apple tree, and it would seem very wrong to disturb all those symmetrical apples, growing so regularly in order, each in its proper place. However, the grave young gentlemen in tail-coats and knee-breeches are careful to preserve the general regularity of the scene by shaking off all the apples uniformly with the stalks upward.



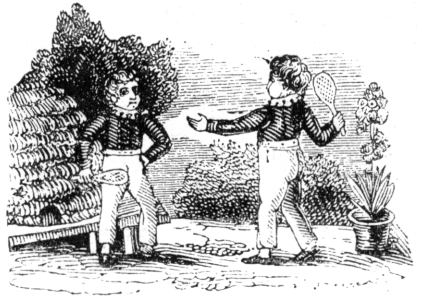
"HE RIDES A COCK-HORSE,"

This picture, of a not very well fed gentleman riding a not very well fed horse past a sign-post with nothing on it, appears over the famous couplet

Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury-cross,

We print it here chiefly as throwing some light upon the interesting question as to exactly what species of animal a "cock-horse" is. It may be as well to mention that in the first of the Tom Thumb pictures, already referred to, the quadruped there depicted is by many supposed to be a hen cow.

The two little boys, who are represented in another book as playing shuttlecock near a precipice and a flower-pot, are delightful specimens of the sort of boy familiar in the pages of old goody-goody books, with frilled collars, and puffy trousers buttoned on to very short jackets. They haven't a great



SHUTTLE-COCK.

deal of room for their game, what with the precipice and the flower-pot, and a bee-hive, about the size of a decent cottage, close against one player's back. That boy is really in a dangerous position. It would be so easy accidentally to hit the hive, whereupon there would probably ensue a sally of infuriated bees about the size of pigeons (judging from the hive), who would set upon, murder, sting and devour boys, battle-dores, flower-pot, precipice and all.

From another of grandfather's picture-books comes a series of spirited pictures setting forth certain awful examples of children who meddled with fire. There is a sameness about these instructive catastrophes, as well as a certain want of preliminary detail. Boy with frilled collar and his trousers on fire throws up his arms before fire-place and shouts. Little girl with dress on fire throws up her arms in front of fireplace and shouts. Another little girl with ditto ditto, does

ditto in front of ditto and dittoes. Small child (sex uncertain) with a cheerful fire in nightshirt shouts in front of fireplace and throws up arms. The girls (assuming it to be a boy in the nightshirt) are the more clearly distinguished by the addition in each case of a woman with white apron, mob cap, and outstretched arms, and a kettle on the hob—embellishments denied to the boys, who have to take their chance as best they can with two fenders, a set of fire-irons, and a wooden chair between them. The similarity of the two girls' adventures is relieved slightly by the introduction in one case of a cat with stiff legs, galloping, with much prudence, away from the disaster. But there is a complete and irredeemable uniformity about the whole set in one respect — there is no suggested cause for the accidents, unless the boys and girls have deliberately shoved their clothes into the fire, in order to make an instructive warning for grandfather's picture-book. It is noticeable that the artist has had some difficulty in setting fire to the first boy's trousers with a proper and natural



AWFUL



EXAMPLES OF



CHILDREN WHO



PLAYED WITH



effect, owing to the awkwardness of the garments for the purpose. The girls' skirts are infinitely better suited to the experiment. The title to the series of pictures is spread out among them, and ends with the substitution of a significant hieroglyphic for the word "fire," consisting of certain very fierce flames in a setting of very solid smoke, arising from the combustion of nothing whatever.

We have already mentioned the goody-goody books of grandfather's time, with their solemn pictures of virtuous elders in high coat-collars and swallow-tails, and more or less virtuous youths in concertina hats and puffy white trousers. The adventures of Tommy Merton, Harry Sandford, and the respectable Mr. Barlow in the many editions in which the book was printed, were the occasion of many such pictures, and the first half of this century was greatly distinguished by the immense number of serious little books issued with cuts wherein blameless and omniscient tutors lectured solemn little boys on things in general. Here is a cut from one of these, wherein the worthy tutor, whose



A RAINBOW.

thighbone extends down two-thirds of his leg, points to a very solid-looking speckled rainbow with one hand, and with the other urges forward his pupil to make a closer examination.

Then we have a picture of a scene on the ice, whereon one boy has come a cropper. Now, the identity of that boy is rather doubtful. He can scarcely be the good boy who wouldn't play truant to go and slide, or he wouldn't have come a cropper, even



ON THE ICE.

had he been on the ice at all. On the other hand, he can't be the bad boy who insisted on doing these wicked things, or he would have fallen clean through the ice and been drowned. Perhaps he is a reformed bad boy who came on the ice to warn the others. This seems more likely, since he appears to have only one leg; he probably lost the other through climbing after birds' nests on Sunday, or something of that sort, and then reformed. One can't get much fun, you know, with only one leg left, so may as well reform as not.

In the early days an artist often had to draw a thing which he had never seen. We have here the effort of one of these gentlemen who evidently had never seen an elephant, and built the face up as well as he could from a human standpoint, with the trunk on the chin. We won't be personal,



AN ELEPHANT.

but we believe we have seen a portrait very like this in some of the papers.

We have, in the next picture, an opportunity of inspecting the interior of a boys' school of the last century end. Note the little three-cornered hats hung above the scholars' heads, and the portentous array of heavy books over the head of the learned master, in his wig and gown. He opens his palm as though for the benefit of a small boy's ears, but, as there is no small boy sufficiently near it, perhaps he is only indulging in the pleasures of anticipation. The view from the window is particularly



IN SCHOOL.

interesting. The three regular sugar-loaf trees, of the herring-bone species, growing exactly to the same height, and each exactly filling the width of one window-pane in the vision, without encroaching upon the others, offer a beautiful lesson in order and harmony among neighbours.

A specimen of quite a different class is seen in the representation of Polyphemus, at the entrance to his cave, with cloak, staff, and Pandean pipes. The bold, free drawing of the King of the Cyclops is of the school of Blake, but there are points in the



POLYPHEMUS.

execution which diminish the probability of its being Blake's actual work.

A contrast to this is seen in the queer little cut in which a woman is either drying the tears of a little girl or punching her in the eye. It is from one of the goody books, and the absence of much of the right side of the girl's face seems rather to point to punching than tear drying.



PUNCHING?—OR TEAR DRYING?

Another queer little wood-cut is a mere copy of an inn sign, which was rather popular in old days—the "Bull and

Mouth." It is a very magnificent mouth, at which the bull appears rather scared, as well he may. He seems to be considering the advisability of going in, but doesn't feel quite safe in venturing. This is one of the instances of the corruption of the title of an older sign. Originally it was the "Boulogne Mouth," and referred to the mouth of Boulogne Harbour, being adopted as an inn sign in commemoration of the taking of Boulogne in the reign of Henry VIII. The "Goat and Compasses" (originally "God Encompasses Us") is a similar case.



BULL AND MOUTH.

One woodcut from grandfather's picture-book (or was this from grandmother's?) gives us some information about the inside of a shop in the days when ladies wore their waists just under their armpits. The polite shopman, in a wig, shows a piece of ribbon to the two ladies in big bonnets. The transaction is a very similar one to



SHOPPING.

those of to-day, but we get a glimpse of the old square-paned shop window; and the cut is rather crude and quaint.

There was a device in some of these picture-books of dividing a space into little squares, and filling each of these little squares with a representation of some object, with its name printed over it. The intention, of course, was instruction—the little grandfather would become familiar with the outline of the object while learn-

ing to spell the name; a sort of early kindergarten lesson, in fact. Here is a block of a dozen such little squares, with the illustrations all very clear and unmistakable, except the oyster, which looks rather like a tortoise (but might be a hedgehog), and Job, who might be Pontius Pilate or Nebuchadnezzar. It is to be observed that over Job's head a crown is placed, so that something is done to compensate him for his troubles, even in grandfather's picture-book. The temple is evidently intended for Dr. Parker's on the Viaduct before the tower was built, and the side spaces are filled in with trees in order to avoid advertising the adjoining establishments. Next door to the temple is a very



fine trumpet, with a hearthrug hanging on it, and just below the trumpet is a hat, of the fashion worn by grandfather's father. A bow is generously thrown in with the violin, although not in the specification, and the relative proportions of the different objects are striking. Thus the moth is a great deal bigger than the temple, and the oyster is as large as Job's head.

The "Cries of London" were favourite subjects with the compilers of these books. We reproduce a cut of a gingerbread seller. Gingerbread, by the bye, seems to have become quite a thing of the past, and nothing remains to us of it but these pictures, and the proverb about rubbing the gilt off it. This particular cut is actually a portrait—a portrait of the most famous



"TIDDY-DOLL."—THE GINGER-BREAD SELLER.

of all the gingerbread sellers, "Tiddy-doll." He is represented in Hogarth's print of the execution of the "Idle Apprentice," selling gingerbread to the crowd. He was a great character in his way, and dressed tremendously in gold-laced clothes of a very fine sort; so that, being a handsome old fellow, and tall, he attracted notice everywhere. Nobody knew his name, and he had that of "Tiddy-doll" from the song-burden with which he interspersed his patter, thus: "Mary, Mary, where are you now, Mary? I live, when at



"CUCUMBERS?"

home, at the second house in Little Ball-street, two steps underground, with a wiskum riskum, and a why-not. My shop is on the second floor back, with a brass knocker at the door. Here's your nice gingerbread, your spice gingerbread, all ready to melt in your mouth like a red-hot brick-bat. Ti-tiddy ti-ti, ti-tiddy ti-ti, ti-tiddy ti-ti, ti-tiddy ti-ti, tiddy doll-loll." His nickname has survived to the present day in the proverbial expres-



KNIFE-GRINDER.



sion, "You're quite tiddy-doll," or "Tiddy-fol-loll," addressed to a brilliantly attired person.

The lady with cucumbers on a barrow was invariably present in these "cries." Here the cucumbers might very well be oysters, or sausages, or anything else. The knife-grinder is even more interesting. His machine is of a kind quite unknown to mortal eye nowadays. One doesn't quite see how the grindstone is driven, or, indeed, quite where the grindstone is, but no doubt it is all right, or the worthy tradesman wouldn't look so happy.

Anybody who is doubtful as to the exact appearance of a hobgoblin, a witch, or a fairy may be satisfied by a glance at the next three

however, to learn that a witch has to whip her broomstick to make it go; and one wonders why a flying cat has any need for



WITCHES.



HOBGOBLINS.

blocks. When a hobgoblin wishes to attend to his correspondence, he doesn't sit before a table in the ordinary way, but has a hole made in the table and hangs his legs through it. This is simple and economical, although it would seem to be a little awkward, particularly with a table having only two legs. Most of the hobgoblins appear to be fitted out with every convenience for personal enjoyment, including wings, tails, stings, &c., although one unfortunate has to be content with a very large head and a fowl's legs and no trunk or arms.

The witches are quite conventional. It is a little surprising,

swinging a great besom about in the air.

The moon is in eclipse, as is proper at times of witchery, but the stars are all right, and, if anything, rather bigger than usual. One often hears theatrical people speak of a "thin house." The house on the right-hand side of the picture appears to be one of these.

The fairies are rather better dressed than one might expect. Frock coats and breeches are really quite respectable. The ladies wear steeple-crowned hats and laced bodices, which leads to the supposition that they are Welsh fairies. A convenient door is neatly let into an adjoining

ing mole-hill for the fairies to go in and out



FAIRIES.

of, and a toadstool stands handy for refreshments between the dances. The moon seems, on the whole, rather astonished,



COWS AND CALVES.

which is really quite excusable in the circumstances.

We have found a delightful study of animals—apparently cows and calves in a shed. Observe their piercing eyes, all turned upon the astonished spectator. This may mean fury, or it may mean blindness, or something else, but it looks most like hunger. The shed is built upon the trunks of four trees which have failed in their legitimate business, after growing, with great consideration, exactly at the four corners of a rectangle. Only the roof and two sides of the building have been built (what of is doubtful), in order that the stock may stare at us from the other sides.

Of course, some of grandfather's picture-books were books of fables

—Æsop's, and translations and abridgments of La Fontaine's. We are able to find room for two illustrations from one of these books. First we have "Hercules and the Waggoner." Three rather small horses, driven tandem fashion, have succeeded in fixing a very long, low-tilted waggon in a ditch. The waggoner, who may possibly be completely dressed, and wearing a smock, but whose costume looks uncommonly like a shirt and nothing else, calls on Hercules to overcome the difficulty for him; although presumably there must be people at hand in the very extraordinary houses just over the bridge. Hercules, who doesn't look quite so well as when we last saw him, and is reduced to a most insignificant club, appears



THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLVES.



HERCULES AND THE WAGGONER.

on one of those feather-bed clouds usually employed on similar occasions. To speak more exactly, he appears to be slipping off, and threatening serious damage to the roof just below him. Hercules, it will be observed, was a very large person, as one might expect.

Then there is the shepherd boy who cried "Wolf!" There are four animals in the picture, and anybody can see at once which is the wolf, because he is biting the countenance of one of the others, which lies on the ground; otherwise it would be difficult. The shepherd seems to be rather enjoying the fun, to judge by the gratified look on his face, and the gladsome expressions of his legs

and arms as he hops cheerfully in the left-hand corner. Baronial castles and mountains, assorted, make an effective background.

Our little collection would scarcely be complete without something representative of the legend of Jack and the Beanstalk. One of the old books yields us a very instructive picture, wherein we learn many things. First, that the beanstalk was about ten feet high at most; this judging by the height of Jack's mother, who is coming after him with a broom and a dog in a highly vigorous and gymnastic manner, without stopping to open the garden-gate. The castle at the top of the stalk, too, would seem to have been about the size of a fairly large mantel-piece clock, and the giant—who could almost go into Jack's pocket—looks uncommonly like the little weather-prophet who pops out of the old-fashioned barometer. All this, however, may be intended as an effort to conform to the rules of perspective; but still, one would like to know a little more about the internal arrangements of that cottage. Consider it. The

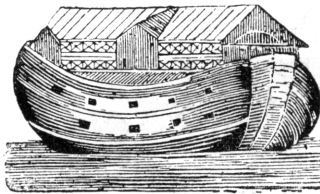
head of the front door reaches to the eaves, and is then none too high for the passage of Jack's energetic parent. Still, by cutting a piece out of the thatch a window is provided to light an upper floor; an upper floor about a foot or so high, and barely big enough, it would seem, to accommodate that insignificant giant of the castle. If that large black thing at the foot of the stalk be one of the five seeds, one need wonder no longer at the size of the plant, but at the ability of Jack to carry the seeds home.

Finally, as a tail-piece, we print Noah's Ark as it appeared in grandfather's picture-book. It appears, as nearly as ascertainable from the portholes, to have been about a twenty-eight-gun ship, exclusive of bow and stern chasers, of which there are no clear indications. The upper part, it will be observed, consisted of a neat cricket pavilion.

Grandfather's picture-book amused and taught many good men in their childhood. Perhaps the few fragments of it which are here presented may not altogether fail in one of these objects today.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.



NOAH'S ARK.

# THE THREE LEMONS

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, FROM THE  
ITALIAN.



THE King of Terra Longa had an only son, who was the apple of his eye, and on whom he built all his hopes. He felt he was growing an old man, and the great desire of his life was to see his son happily married before he died. But, unfortunately, the young Prince was of a very different mind, and if a woman was as much as mentioned in his presence, he got up and left the room, and refused to come back till the conversation had turned on some other subject.

Neither his father's tears and entreaties, nor the counsel and advice of the statesmen and courtiers round the King's throne, would make him consider the subject of matrimony. But nothing happens so often as the unexpected, and a mere trifle will change the history of nations. One day, as the Prince was cutting a cream tart in half and attending more to the conversation that was going on than to what he was doing, he cut his finger with his knife.

The blood spurted out and fell on the cream, and the mixture of colour was so beautiful that the Prince was seized on the



spot with the desire to find a wife with a complexion like the cream and blood. He said to the King: "Dear father, if I do not find a bride who is red and

white like this, then it is all over with me. Hitherto no woman has ever caused my heart a single flutter, but now I long for this red and white maiden, as I have never longed for anything in my life before. Permit me, therefore, to go in search of my ideal, for if I do not find her I shall die."

At first his father was much startled and grieved at his words, and tried hard to dissuade his son from setting out on such a futile journey, but when he saw that his remonstrances were of no avail, and that he might as well have spoken to the winds, he said: "Go, my son, since your heart is so set on the journey; take money and whatever else you desire with you, and hasten back with all speed to your poor father, who will be disconsolate till you return."

So the Prince set out on his travels, and wandered through fields and woods, over mountains and through valleys, visiting different countries and nations, always keeping his eyes open for the maiden of his dreams. But he sought in vain, for though he left no stone unturned, nowhere could he find the blooming image he had painted in his mind's eye. From kingdom to kingdom he roamed, and at last he came to the Island of the Wild Women.

Here he met an old dame who was as

thin as a scarecrow, and with the ugliest face he had ever seen. The Prince told her at once what brought him to the island, and when the old woman had heard his tale, and all the dangers and sufferings he had gone through, her heart melted with pity, and she said: "My son, let me warn you to fly from hence with all speed, for if my three daughters, who live on human flesh, find you here, you are a lost man. They will certainly eat you raw, or roast you for their next meal. Make haste to leave this place as quickly as you can, and I promise you won't be gone far before you meet your fate."

When the Prince heard her words he took to his heels, and, without as much as bidding the old creature farewell, he ran without stopping till he came to a different country, where he met another old woman even uglier than the first. To her, too, he confided the history and object of his wanderings, but she answered him as the other had done: "You had better make haste to get away from here, unless you wish to provide my daughters, the little man-eaters, with a meal; but not far from this spot you will meet your fate."

As soon as the poor Prince heard her words he set off running at full speed, and didn't pause for a moment till he came upon another old woman, who was sitting under a tree with a basket on her arm full of cakes and other dainties.

The Prince made her a polite bow, and commenced at once to tell her his story. This time the old woman comforted him with friendly words, and made him sit down and eat a good breakfast. When he had finished his meal, she presented him with three lemons, which looked as if they had just been cut from the tree, and along with the fruit a beautiful knife, saying, as she gave them to him, "You may go home now as fast as you like, for you have got

what you sought; when you are close to your father's kingdom, stop at the first well you come to, and cut one of the lemons in half; a fairy will come out of it, and say to you, 'Give me something to drink.' Then you must get her some water as quickly as you can, for if you don't she will disappear like quicksilver, and if you don't succeed with the first or second, you must be sure not to let the third fairy escape, but hand her the water in a moment, for she is the wife of your heart's desire."

The Prince joyfully kissed her hairy old hand, which felt exactly like the back of a porcupine, and thanking the old dame heartily for her kindness, he bade her farewell, and left the country with all speed. After many dangers by sea and land, he arrived safely about a day's journey from his own kingdom. Here on a lovely heath, shaded by beautiful old trees, the Prince



"THE PRINCE JOYFULLY KISSED HER HAIRY OLD HAND."

dismounted at a well, the running of whose crystal waters sounded like a bell, calling people to come and refresh themselves. The Prince sat down on a carpet formed of



tender green grass and lovely coloured flowers, and, taking the knife out of its sheath, he cut the first lemon open. In a moment, like a flash of lightning, a beautiful girl stood before him, as white as milk and as red as a strawberry, and she said to him, "Give me something to drink."

The Prince, quite dazzled and bewildered by the beauty of the fairy, did not give her the water quickly enough, and to his great grief, she vanished almost as soon as she had appeared.

The same thing happened when he cut the second lemon open, and the Prince exclaimed in despair, "I am the most unlucky creature in the world. Twice have I let my luck escape me—but courage! I have still a third chance, and there is luck in odd numbers: this knife shall either be the means of securing my happiness, or it shall put an end to my griefs."

With these words he cut the third lemon open, and out stepped the third fairy, and said, as the others had done, "Give me something to drink."

This time the Prince handed the fairy a glass of water as quick as lightning, and in a moment a lovely girl stood before him, as white as cream and as red as blood. Her hair was golden, her mouth like a rosebud, and her eyes shone like two stars. In one word, she was as beautiful as the day, and she looked as good as she was beautiful, and as charming as she was good. The Prince could not contain his admiration, and said: "Am I asleep or awake, or are my eyes bewitched; for how can such a lovely creature have been contained in the bitter rind of this yellow lemon?"

But when he had at last convinced himself that the beautiful apparition before him was no dream, but sober reality, he kissed the fairy tenderly, and said many charming things to her. He begged her to be his wife. "But," he said, "I will not take you back to my father's kingdom without the splendour worthy of your beauty, or without the escort fitting for my queen. Therefore, let me beg of you to remain in the meantime in the hollow of this leafy oak, which looks as if it had been made for a hiding place, and there await my return. You may be sure I will come back to you as quickly as I can, and will then lead you

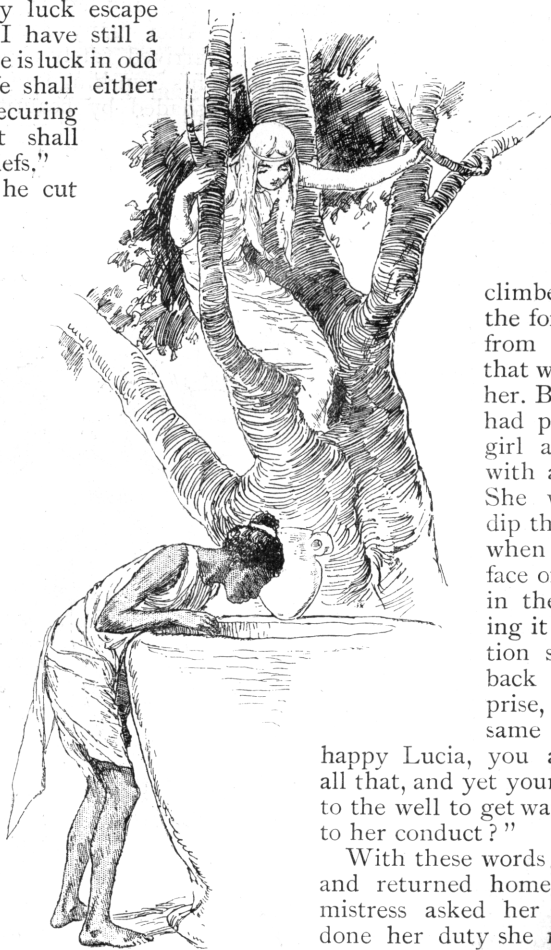
to my kingdom with the retinue and following that befits your position"; and so saying he bade his beautiful bride farewell, and set forth on his journey.

When he had gone, the fairy climbed up into one of the forks of the tree, and from there watched all that was going on around her. Before many minutes had passed a black slave girl arrived at the well with a pitcher for water. She was just going to dip the jug in the waves, when she perceived the face of the fairy reflected in the water, and, thinking it was her own reflection she saw, she started back with a cry of surprise, exclaiming at the same time, "What, un-

happy Lucia, you are as beautiful as all that, and yet your mistress sends you to the well to get water, and you submit to her conduct?"

With these words she broke the jug, and returned home. But when her mistress asked her why she had not done her duty she replied, "I went to the well, and broke the pitcher by mistake against a big stone."

The woman restrained her anger as well as she could, and on the following day gave the girl a beautiful china jug, and told her to go to the well and fill it with water.



"SHE PERCEIVED THE FACE OF THE FAIRY."

But when she came to the well, and once more saw the lovely reflection there, she heaved a deep sigh and said, "I will no longer be a slave, for I am not ugly as I have always thought I was; on the contrary, I am lovely and charming, and it is ridiculous that I should be made to fetch water from the well!" With these words she broke the jug into a hundred pieces, and when she got home she told her mistress that a donkey had passed by, and had kicked the jug and broken it to pieces.

When the woman heard about this fresh accident she lost her temper, and, seizing a broom, she beat the girl to within an inch of her life, then handing her a leather bottle she said, "Now go as quickly as you can, you useless creature, and bring me back the bottle full of water. Don't dawdle on the way, and if anything happens this time, I'll give you another beating that you won't forget in a hurry."

The slave-girl ran with all her might back to the well and filled the bottle full of water, but once more catching sight of the lovely reflection, she said, "I would be a fool to go on drawing water; it would be far better and more fitting that I should marry. From this moment I refuse to serve my mistress any longer." With these words she took a pin that she wore in her hair and pierced the leather bottle with it, so that it became exactly like a fountain, with the water spurting out in every direction. Here the fairy, who had been watching the black girl's ridiculous behaviour, could contain her mirth no longer, and burst into a hearty laugh.

When the slave heard the sound of laughter she looked to see where it came from, and, when she caught sight of the girl hidden in the tree, she said to herself, "So you are the cause of my mistress nearly beating me to death, are you? but wait a little, and I'll be even with you yet;" but to the fairy she

said, "What are you doing up there, my beautiful maid?"

The fairy, who was politeness itself, told the black girl everything there was to tell, and ended up by saying she was going to marry a charming prince, and was only awaiting his return with a suitable escort and retinue to accompany him to his father's kingdom.

When the black slave heard this, a wicked plan entered into her head, and she said: "Oh, if you are expecting your bridegroom's return, let me come up beside you, and comb your locks in order to make you even fairer than you are."

The fairy answered: "You are most welcome to come," and stretched down her hand, which looked like a piece of crystal set in ebony, as she helped the slave up. As soon as the black creature began to comb the fairy's hair she stuck her hairpin into her skull, hoping in this way she would kill her on the spot.

But as soon as the fairy felt the prick of the pin, she called out "Dove, dove!" and in a moment she was changed into a dove, and flew away right up into the sky.

When the Prince returned with his suite and train, he could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld, instead of the lovely maid he had left behind in the hollow of the tree, the form of the ugly black slave girl.

But when the wicked creature perceived the Prince's distress and amazement she said: "Don't be surprised, dear Prince, for it is I, your Lucia, but I have been bewitched by an evil magician, and turned from a fair and lovely maiden into the ugly black marble statue you see before you."

The poor Prince, not knowing how to help himself, made the best of a bad business, and after the black girl had got down from the tree, he had her dressed in the splendid clothes he had brought with him for his bride; and when she had been



"THE WATER SPURTING OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION."

made to look as well as she could, he set forth with her to meet the King and Queen, who were to meet the young couple a few miles from their home.

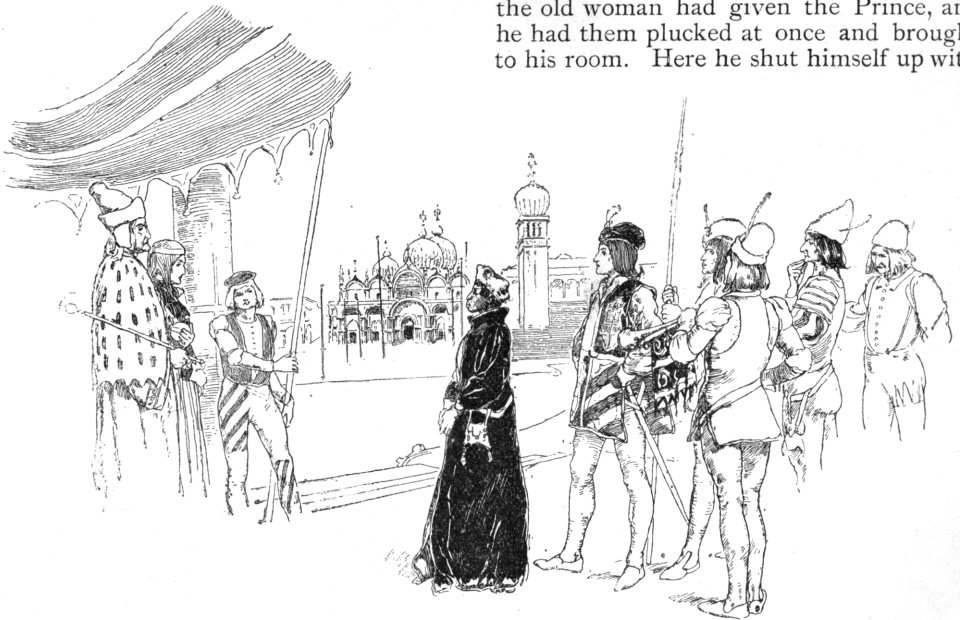
When his father and mother perceived the folly their son had committed, and how that he who had travelled so far in search of a white dove had only returned with a black crow, they could hardly restrain their disgust and disappointment. But, seeing the thing was done, and that there was no help for it, they abandoned their throne to the young couple, and a gold crown was placed on the slave's woolly head. The wedding was held with much pomp and ceremony, and everyone far and wide was invited to the feast.

Now it happened that while the King's cook was preparing all the dainty dishes for the wedding banquet a beautiful dove

wrung its neck, and, when he had plucked its feathers, he threw them out of the kitchen window. A few days afterwards, on the spot where the feathers had been thrown, a beautiful lemon tree sprang up, which grew and blossomed as you looked at it.

Now it happened one day that the King was looking out of his window, and saw the tree, which he never remembered to have noticed before. He immediately called the cook before him, and asked him when and by whom the tree had been planted. When he had heard the whole story from the chief cook, he gave orders that no one, under pain of death, should touch the tree, and that it should be tended and watered carefully every day.

In a very short time three lemons appeared on the tree exactly the same as those the old woman had given the Prince, and he had them plucked at once and brought to his room. Here he shut himself up with



"A BLACK CROW."

H.M.

flew in at the kitchen window, and said—

"Tell me, cook, oh! tell me true,  
What do the King and his black bride do?"

At first the cook paid no attention to the words of the bird; but when the dove had repeated them a second and a third time, he ran into the banqueting hall, and told the assembled company what the bird had said. When the bride heard the words of the dove's song, she ordered the bird to be caught on the spot and roasted. The cook did as he was told, seized the bird, and

a tumbler full of water, and with the same knife that he had used before, and which he always wore at his side, he began to cut the lemons in half. As before, the first and second fairy escaped him; but when he had cut the third lemon open, and given the fairy some water to drink, as she requested, she changed into the beautiful girl whom he had left behind in the hollow of the tree, and from her he learnt the whole history of the black slave's misdeeds.

The King's joy was beyond words at this new stroke of fortune, and he could hardly realise that his bride was really the beautiful girl who stood before him, and not the ugly black creature who had deceived him so wickedly. After he had dressed her in the most costly garments, and kissed her tenderly, he took his fairy bride by the hand, and led her into the throne-room, where all the Court were assembled. Then the King addressed his courtiers, and said :

"Tell me, all of you, what punishment does the person deserve who has ill-treated this beautiful lady?" Whereupon one replied, "They deserve a breakfast of stones"; another, "A draught of poison"; and a third said, "They should be rolled down a hill in a barrel with sharp spikes inside it."

At last the King called the black Queen to him, and asked her what punishment she would propose.

"The wicked creature," she answered, "who could harm so

fair a vision should be burnt to death, and her ashes scattered to the four winds."

When the King heard her words, he said : "You have pronounced your own doom, for it was you, and no other, you vile wretch, who did my beautiful bride so much wrong. Know now that this is the lovely maid whose head you pierced with your hairpin, and she, too, was the beautiful dove you had so cruelly caught and roasted. But as you have done unto others,

so it shall be done unto you, and as you showed no mercy, neither shall it be shown you."

With these words he had the black slave seized and thrown alive into a huge bonfire, and when she was burnt to ashes they were scattered to the four winds from the top of a high watch-tower. But the King and his fair wife lived happily ever afterwards ; and if only you and I knew where to find the kingdom of Terra Longa, I believe we should find them living there still.



## The Queer Side of Things.

### VEGETABLE ODDITIES.



REAKS of vegetables, especially of turnips, radishes, parsnips, and the like, have probably been observed from time to time by most people, though very rarely in such distinct and striking forms as in these instances, which have been recorded in old prints.

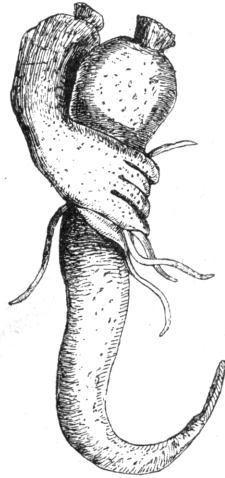
The radish, which we give first, grew in a sandy soil at Haarlem, more than two hundred years ago, and was painted in fac-simile by Jacob Penoy, one of whose friends presented the picture to Glandorp in the year 1672. This picture was engraved by Kirby, showing the root exactly as we reproduce



it here. Nor is this the only instance in which the root of a radish has taken this particular form, as another, exactly resembling a human hand, with fingers and thumb complete, was possessed by Mr. Bisset, Secretary to the Birmingham Museum, in 1802.

Our second illustration represents a parsnip, which also strikingly resembles a hand, but in a different position, as it appears to be grasping another root. This oddity was sold by a market woman in the ordinary course of business, and was passed from hand to hand as a curiosity until it came into the possession of an engraver, who made the drawing of it which we give.

The last of our illustrations is a turnip with a face, a plumed head-dress, body,



arms, and a number of intertangled legs, like those of some sea-monster, "ending in snaky twine." This root grew in a garden in the village of Weiden, in Germany, in 1628, the fact being recorded in the curious columns entitled "*Miscellanea Academiae Naturæ*."



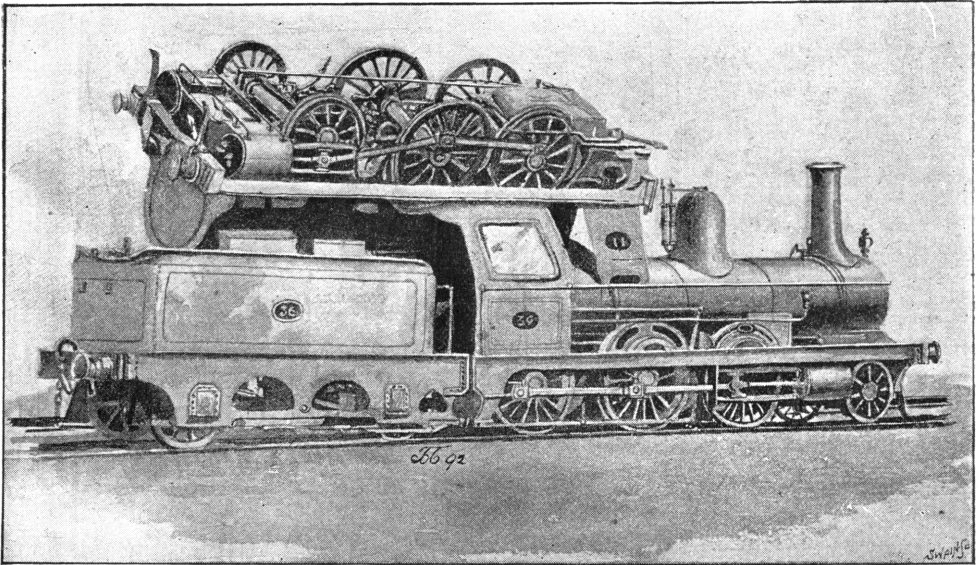
If any of our readers should come across any "Vegetable Oddities" of this kind, we shall be pleased if they will send them to us for inspection, so that, if they are sufficiently curious, we may illustrate them in these pages.











The above illustration gives a most curious result of a locomotive boiler explosion in Norway some time ago. The two engines were standing end to end on the same pair of rails, when the boiler of one exploded, lifting it bodily in the air, at the same time turning it over, till it fell on the adjacent engine, as shown in sketch, which was taken from a photograph.

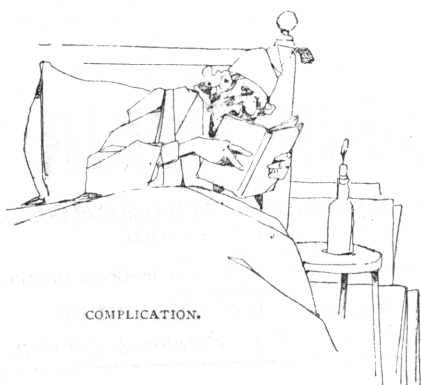


IN THE PARK.



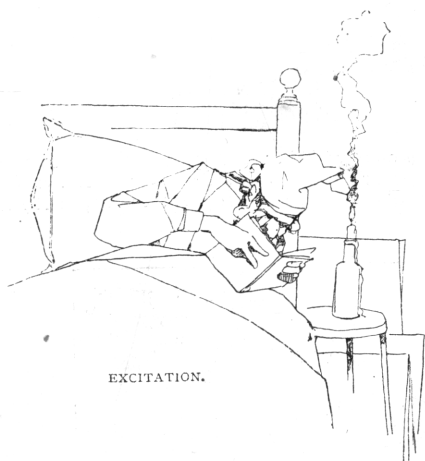
NARRATION.

I.



COMPLICATION.

II.



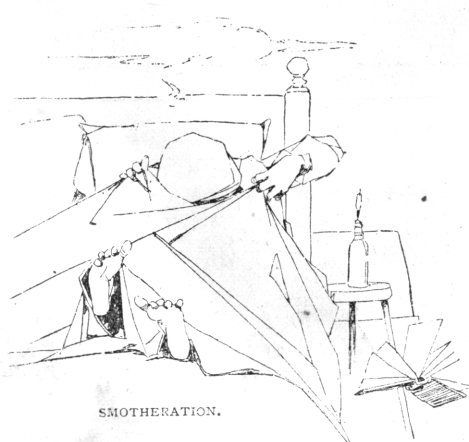
EXCITATION.

III.



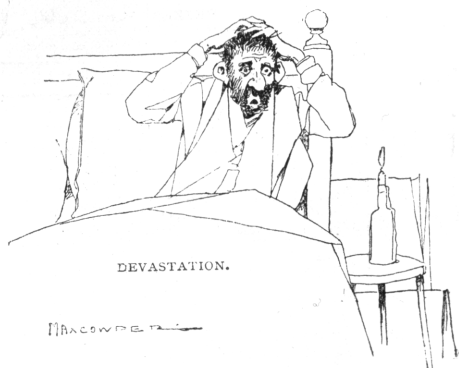
CONFLAGRATION.

IV.



SMOTHERATION.

V.



DEVASTATION.

VI.

READING IN BED.